

BATMAN[™] BROKEN CITY

BRIAN AZZARELLO
EDUARDO RISSO





BATMAN
BROKEN
CITY

JOHNSON
THANKS
GUY



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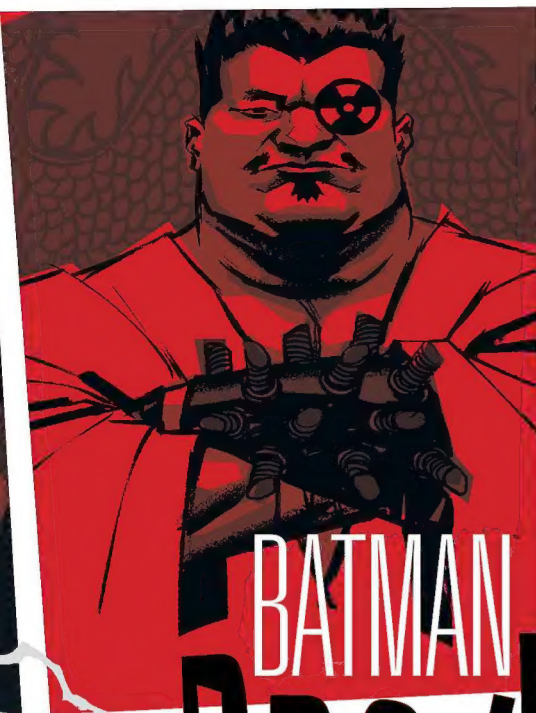
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BATMAN: BROKEN CITY

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BATMAN BROKEN CITY

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LETTERER
CLEM ROBINS

COVER ARTIST
DAVE JOHNSON

BATMAN CREATED BY
BOB KANE WITH BILL FINGER



BOY, AM I LUCKY!

Starting around 1989, and for several years thereafter, I couldn't wait for the Chicago Comic Con to roll around. It was the one time in the whole year of convention appearances that I knew I would have at least one person in the world that I could torture and treat like dirt. One person that I could take out all of my frustrations on, with careless glee and great abandon. I mean, I had to keep up the façade of "Mr. Nice-Guy" that I had been propagating all those years prior, but somebody had to know the real me. How lucky was I that that someone was this skinny kid who surely couldn't defend himself from an overweight, blowhard, thinks-he's-a-big-shot-in-the-industry-hoo-ha, even if it was just due to the sheer size of me! I could bully him all I wanted! I bullied him mostly because he had the unfortunate circumstance of working for a company that I had previously worked for, but, since it had changed owners from the time I had been there, I decided that I now had the inalienable right to give this kid no end of garbage for his aiding and abetting this new owner. I mean, since I had left the company, how dare they attempt to go on without me?! I became aware of young Brian Azzarello's employment there via a mutual friend, Rafael Nieves, who was co-writing *Tales from the Heart* with Cindy Goff. A great comic book—if you can get your hands on a

copy! Raf was, and is, a hell of a guy and a hell of a talent, and we often found ourselves chatting it up into the wee hours

of some hotel barroom concocting the latest intercompany crossover like *The Banana Splits vs. ElfQuest!* It was during one of these sessions, I believe, that I first met Brian.

Well, after that, we didn't really spend all that much time together, Brian and I, just enough for me to download my hate and bile from the last twelve months and then be on my merry way. In all honesty, Brian always knew that I was just funnin' with him, and I knew from Raf that he could take a good razzing with the best of them. What I didn't know was that this poor recipient of my horrid attempts to embarrass and humiliate him for having the audacity to work for my former employer would, along with his assembled team, go on to break all the boundaries with the creation of their award-winning Vertigo series, *100 Bullets*. What I also didn't know was that he would eventually become one of the most talented and award-winning writers of our time, bringing new dimensions to the crime fiction genre of comic book storytelling and adding to that prestigious canon of the likes of Frank Miller, Howard Chaykin, and David Lapham.

My luck graced me again as, years later, I watched Batman soar to the top of the charts for an entire year, thanks to the fantastic work of Jeph Loeb, Jim Lee, Scott Williams, and Alex Sinclair, only to be followed up by these magnificent six issues you now hold in your

hands. And my luck continued as Brian and his team made the monthly streets of Gotham ooze an inky black of words and pictures that reminded us of a time when Miller and Mazzucchelli were doing their much-celebrated *Batman: Year One*. Brian certainly brought his "A" game by delivering to us a moment that adds so much to the history and mythos of this lasting character that I still shake my head in disbelief that it hadn't been thought of before. He also brought us an edge to the character that is rarely seen in the monthly pages, for a time considered a place for tamer stuff.

As Brian tells it, we actually owe it all to Eduardo Risso, whose love for Batman and respect for Frank Miller and the many other fine talents who had left their mark on the character over the years was the impetus to get the entire project rolling in the first place. What started as a hardcover soon became six issues that will certainly leave a high-water mark for those in the future to aspire to. You can tell just by looking that nothing Eduardo did on this series was left to chance. While he followed his keen artistic instincts, he challenged every brush stroke and made sure that nothing was there that didn't absolutely inform the story. He wasn't left in the lurch, either. His collaborator-in-color, Trish Mulvihill, once again delivered her finest effort by accentuating Eduardo's every intention with her excellent eye for mood and creating a visual tension through color.

Every present has its giftwrap, and this is one package that always sported the most amazing covers, bar none. Dave Johnson, like the rest of his *100 Bullets* team, knocks it out of the park with each and every new, amazing cover he delivers, and boy did he deliver on this run! Truly, some of his finest work ever. And then there's Clem Robins, the letterer's letterer. Clem and I go back a ways as well, and I have come to know and trust him beyond words. He's the best.

I am the luckiest guy I know, as Vertigo editor Will Dennis and his able assistant editors, Casey Seijas and Zachary Rau, had the day-to-day chore of wrangling their *100 Bullets* team into the *Batman* corral and making sure we didn't skip a deadline, all the while doing it with great style. My many thanks to Will, Casey, and Zack for all the skills they brought to the editorial table and for letting me co-pilot and enjoy the view for a change.

And, finally, my sincere thanks to Brian, Eduardo, Trish, Clem, and Dave, and my sincere wishes for their fast return to Gotham, as I continue to stand in awe of the magic they bring to each and every page they set their hearts to.

I am truly lucky. Really! Most important, because I've had the honor and pleasure of knowing Brian for over 15 years...and he hasn't killed me yet!

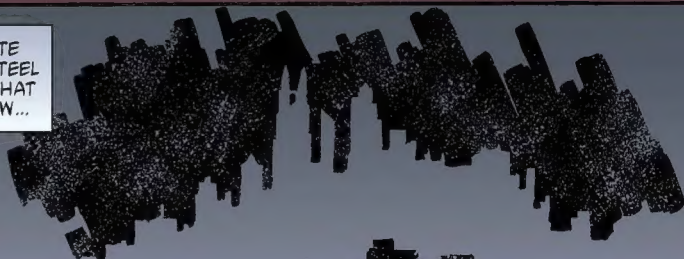
Thank you, one and all. Bravo!

— BOB SCHRECK
FEBRUARY 8, 2004

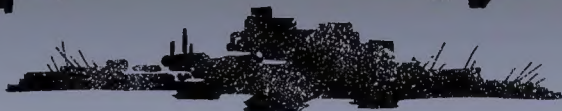
BROKEN CITY

PART ONE

ALL THE CHISELED GRANITE
AND JUTTING SPOKES OF STEEL
GIVE THE *IMPRESSION* THAT
THIS CITY HAS AN IRON JAW...



...BUT IT ONLY FOOLS
OUT-OF-TOWNERS.



WRITTEN BY **BRIAN AZZARELLO**
ILLUSTRATED BY **EDUARDO RISSO**

COLORED BY PATRICIA MULVIHILL • LETTERED BY CLEM ROBINS

COVER BY DAVE JOHNSON • ASSISTANT EDITOR ZACHARY RAU

EDITED BY WILL DENNIS & BOB SCHRECK

BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE

ANYBODY WHO *LIVES HERE*
KNOWS GOTHAM IS *REALLY* BUILT
OF TINDERSTICKS AND GUNPOWDER,
WITH OILY KEROSENE CRUDELY
BURPING OUT OF ITS *SEWERS.*



THAT'S WHY
WHEN IT RAINS,
IT'S NOT SO
MUCH *WATER...*

...AS IT IS A *RELIEF.*



NOW, LONELY HEARTS AND SUNDAY
SCHOOL TEACHERS LIKE TO SAY THAT
RAIN IS THE TEARS OF GOD.

BUT *GOD* DOESN'T
BOTHR TO *CRY*
ON GOTHAM.



*THIS RAIN? IF IT
COMES FROM HIM...*



...IT'S NOT
HIS *TEARS.*



I HAVE TO
CONFESS, I THINK
THERE'S A LITTLE
OF ME *IN GOD*--A
SENSE OF HUMOR,
NOBODY GETS.

THOUGH I CAN'T
IMAGINE MY LIFE
WITHOUT IT, I
WOULDN'T CRY FOR
GOTHAM *EITHER*.

I *DID*--ONCE--A
LIFE AGO--*BEFORE*
I WAS WHAT I *AM*.

BEFORE I LEARNED
THERE IS *NO*
PITY IN GOD...

NO PLACE IN
HEAVEN FOR ME OR
GOTHAM CITY...



...AND THAT
THE *ONLY*
TIME TO CRY
IS *ALWAYS*
TOO LATE.



YOU
DIDN'T
HAV' TA
HIT ME.



YOU
BIT
ME.

I
HAD
TO.

WAYLON "KILLER CROC"
JONES. THE NICKNAME WAS
MORE THAN *REPUTATION*.
SURE, HE WAS A KILLER--
STONE COLD HOMICIDE
WAS HIS STOCK IN TRADE.

BUT IF HE GREW
STRAWBERRIES,
ODDS ARE THEY'D
CALL HIM
"FARMER CROC."

OR IF HE WERE PRO
BOWLER, HE'D BE
"ALLEY GATOR."

SEE, WAYLON HAD A *SKIN
CONDITION*--ONE SO
UGLY, THAT COMPARED
TO HIS *PROFESSION*...

...WAS ON
THE SAME
SCALE.

HAH.

THIS
A JOKE TO
YOU?

YOU
WOULDN'T
GET IT.

PROB'LY
NOT. SO
WHAT ARE *YOU*
GETTIN' AT?

ANGEL LUPO'S
SISTER ELIZABETH
WENT MISSING TWO
WEEKS AGO.

SO
GO FIND
HER.

DON'T
HAVE TO. SOME
SEAGULLS
FOUND HER
FOR ME...

...IN THE
LANDFILL.



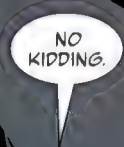
YOU GOT
NO PROOF I
DID IT.



SHE WAS
PARTIALLY
EATEN.



THAT SOUNDS
LIKE THE WORK OF
SOME ANIMAL.



NO
KIDDING.



SMILE.

HOW 'BOUT
THAT, HUH? MY MOUTH
WAS **ROTTEN**, JUST GOT
THESE DONE BRAND NEW
THE OTHER DAY.



SMASH



TALK
TO ME.

:COUGH
COUGH: ...WHY
SHOULD I?

'CAUSE THE
LOWER DENTURES
ARE STILL
INTACT.

THAT'S VERY
OPTIMISTIC. YOU
GETTING RELEASED
EVER--NEVER MIND
TOMORROW.

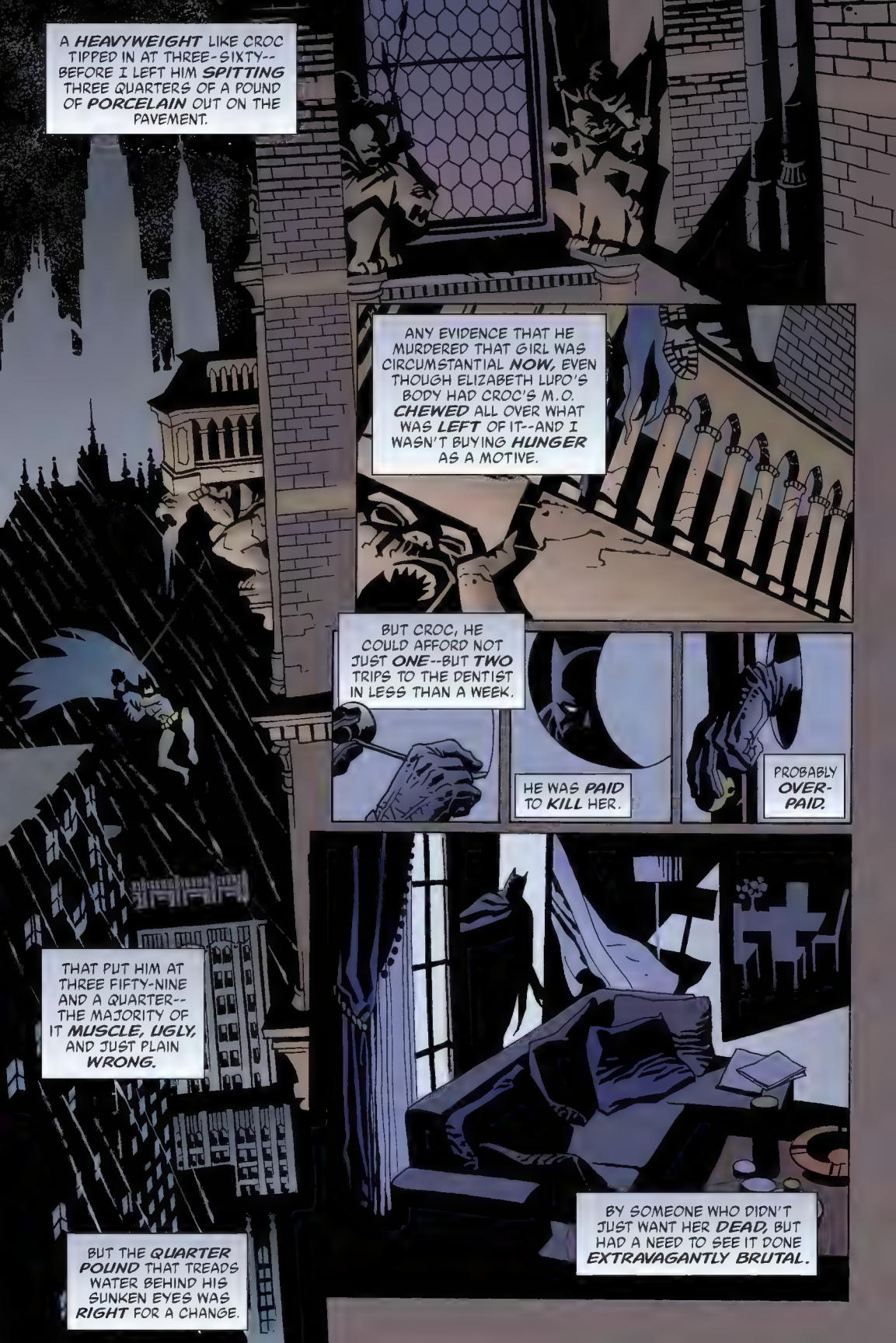
NAH, IT'S
A FACT. 'CAUSE
YOU GOT JACK
ON ME...

...JACK.

KNOCK 'EM--
AN' YERSELF--
OUT. I'LL JUS' GO
GET ME ANOTHER
SET WHEN I'M
RELEASED COME
MORNING.







A **HEAVYWEIGHT** LIKE **CROC** TIPPED IN AT THREE--SIXTY-- BEFORE I LEFT HIM **SPITTING** THREE QUARTERS OF A POUND OF **PORCELAIN** OUT ON THE PAVEMENT.

ANY EVIDENCE THAT HE MURDERED THAT GIRL WAS CIRCUMSTANTIAL **NOW**, EVEN THOUGH ELIZABETH LUPO'S BODY HAD **CROC'S** M.O. **CHEWED** ALL OVER WHAT WAS LEFT OF IT--AND I WASN'T BUYING **HUNGER** AS A MOTIVE.

BUT **CROC**, HE COULD AFFORD NOT JUST **ONE**--BUT **TWO** TRIPS TO THE DENTIST IN LESS THAN A WEEK.


HE WAS **PAID** TO KILL HER.

PROBABLY **OVER-PAID**.


THAT PUT HIM AT THREE FIFTY-NINE AND A QUARTER--THE MAJORITY OF IT **MUSCLE**, **UGLY**, AND JUST PLAIN **WRONG**.

BUT THE **QUARTER POUND** THAT TREADS WATER BEHIND HIS SUNKEN EYES WAS **RIGHT** FOR A CHANGE.

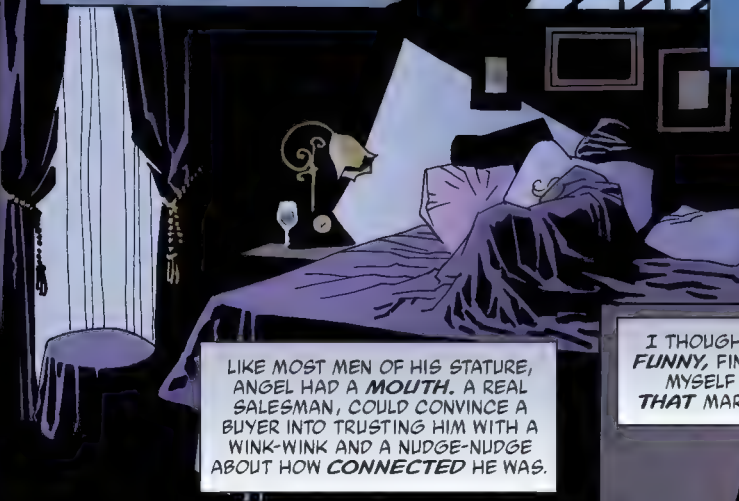
BY SOMEONE WHO DIDN'T JUST WANT HER **DEAD**, BUT HAD A NEED TO SEE IT DONE **EXTRAVAGANTLY BRUTAL**.




ANGEL LUPO
OWNED A STRING OF
CORNER LOT USED
CAR DEALERSHIPS
ACROSS THE CITY.



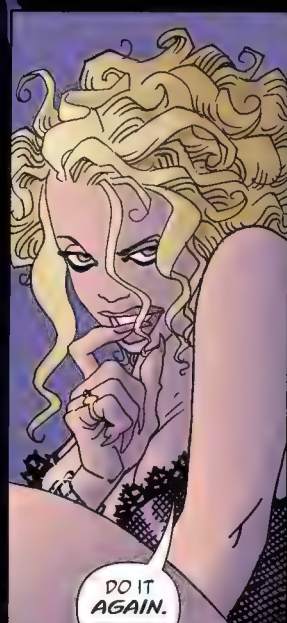
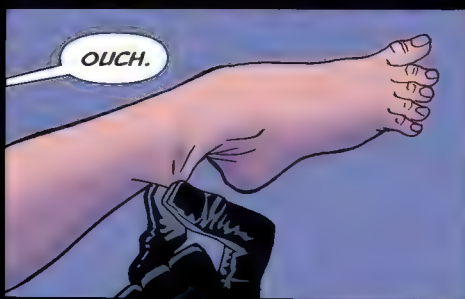
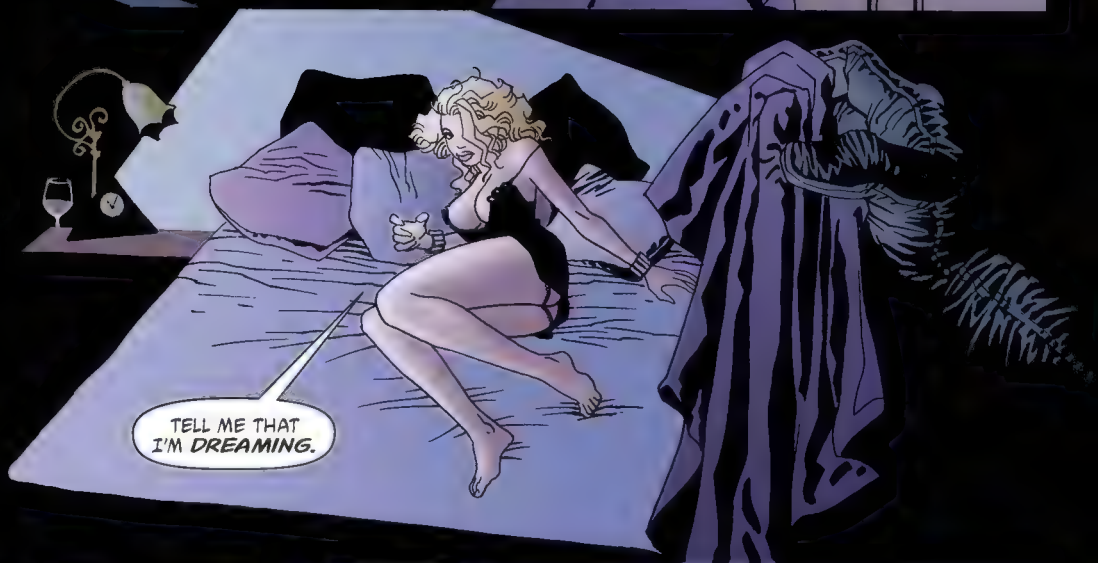
JAPANESE MAKES PRIMARILY
CUT-RATE, PRICES TOO LOW TO
BE TRUE--WHICH MEANT HE
DEALT A GREAT DEAL WITH
CHOP SHOPS AND CAR THIEVES.



LIKE MOST MEN OF HIS STATURE,
ANGEL HAD A *MOUTH*. A REAL
SALESMAN, COULD CONVINCE A
BUYER INTO TRUSTING HIM WITH A
WINK-WINK AND A NUDGE-NUDGE
ABOUT HOW *CONNECTED* HE WAS.



I THOUGHT IT
FUNNY, FINDING
MYSELF IN
THAT MARKET.





I'M
LOOKING FOR
ANGEL.

GUESS
I'M NOT DOING
MY JOB.



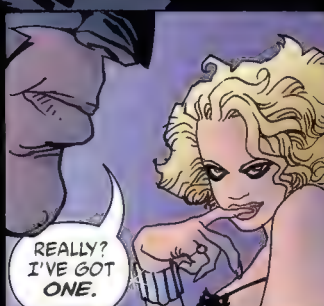
YOU
ARE,
TRUST
ME.

IT'S
HARD TO
TELL.

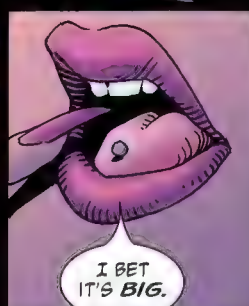


SURE IS,
BUT YOU DIDN'T
HEAR THAT
FROM ME.

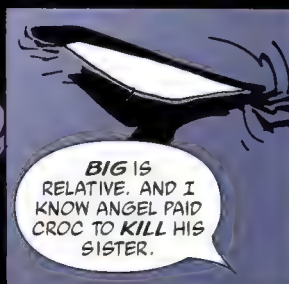
OOOH,
I LOVE
SECRETS.



REALLY?
I'VE GOT
ONE.



I BET
IT'S BIG.



BIG IS
RELATIVE. AND I
KNOW ANGEL PAID
CROC TO KILL HIS
SISTER.



THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN.
ANGEL LOVED HER.



HOW DO
YOU KNOW
THAT?

'CAUSE
I LOVE
ANGEL.



AND YOU
ARE...?

MARGO.

MARGO?...
MARGO?...



FARR.
AND TO THE
WALL FOR
MY MAN.



YOU SEEM TO BE
BACKED UP
AGAINST IT.



IF IT LOOKS
LIKE WHAT I'M UP
AGAINST IS A
WALL, YOU'RE
THE ONE THAT'S
BACKED UP.



WHERE
DID ANGEL
GO?

AWAY
FROM YOU.




HAVANA?

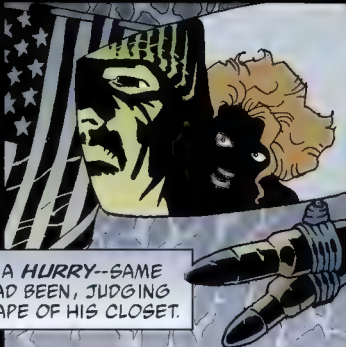
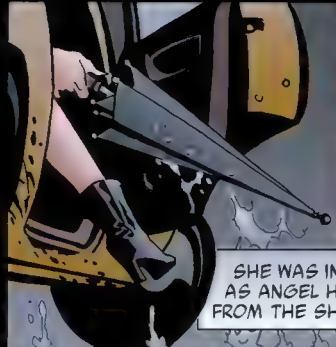
HOW
DID YOU
KNOW?



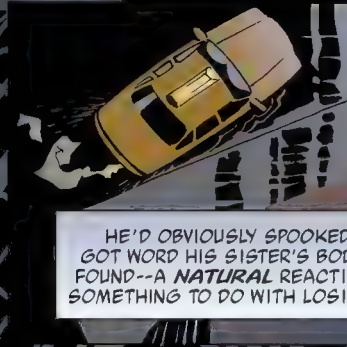
I DIDN'T.



THOUGH SHE'D BEEN *IN* FOR THE NIGHT, IT DIDN'T TAKE MARGO MUCH LONGER THAN MOST WOMEN TO COVER HER REAR AND HEAD *OUT*.



SHE WAS IN A *HURRY*--SAME AS ANGEL HAD BEEN, JUDGING FROM THE SHAPE OF HIS CLOSET.




HE'D OBVIOUSLY SPOOKED WHEN HE GOT WORD HIS SISTER'S BODY HAD BEEN FOUND--A *NATURAL* REACTION IF HE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH LOSING HER LIFE...



...OR HE FEARED FOR HIS *OWN*...

...OR IF HE JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE IT *LOOKED* THAT WAY.



I PLANNED TO TELL HIM WHICH ONE I
THOUGHT IT WAS **AFTER** MARGO LET HIM
KNOW I **THOUGHT** HE WAS BACK IN HAVANA.

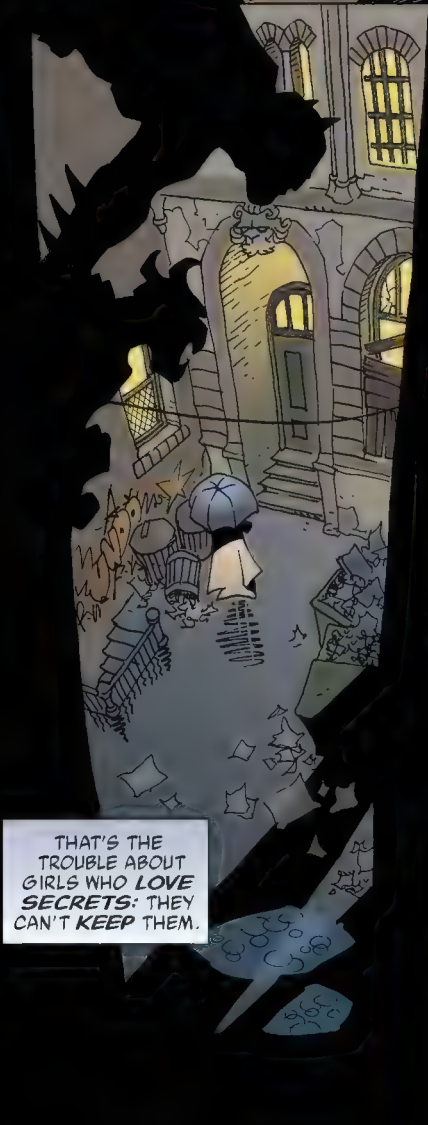


THEY ALSO
CAN'T KEEP OUT OF
TROUBLE.

WHA'YA
SAY, HONEY?

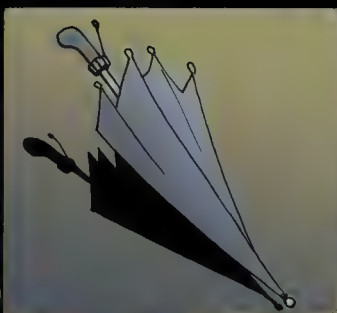


I'M NOT
YOUR
HONEY.



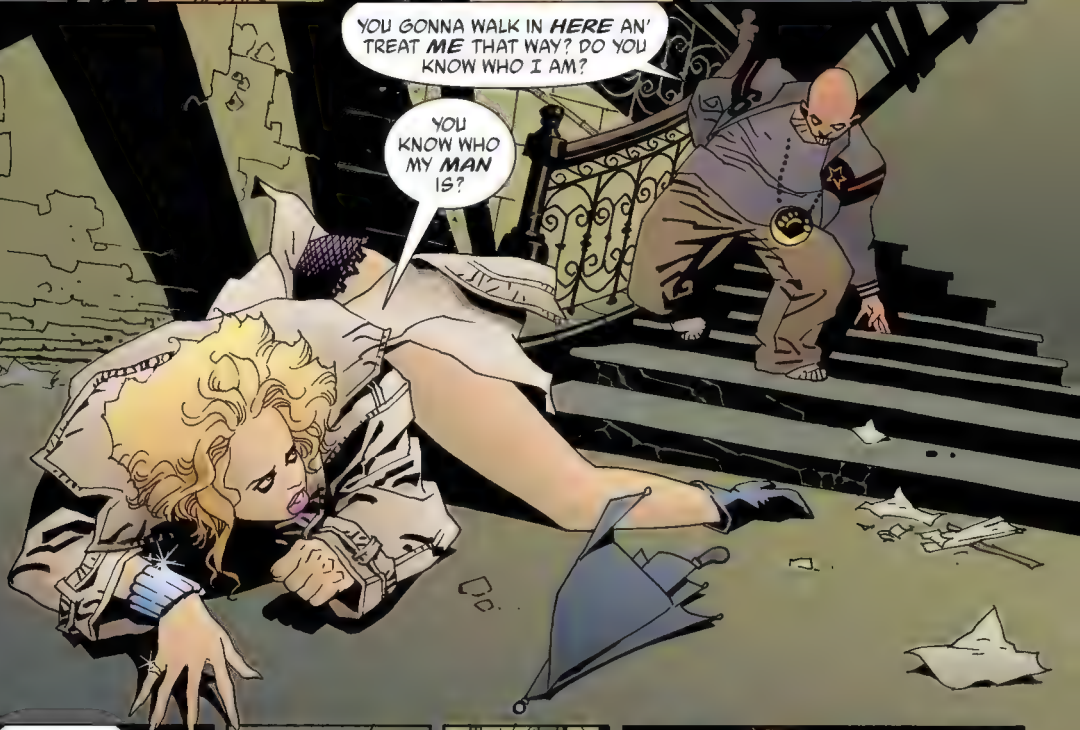
THAT'S THE
TROUBLE ABOUT
GIRLS WHO **LOVE**
SECRETS: THEY
CAN'T **KEEP** THEM.



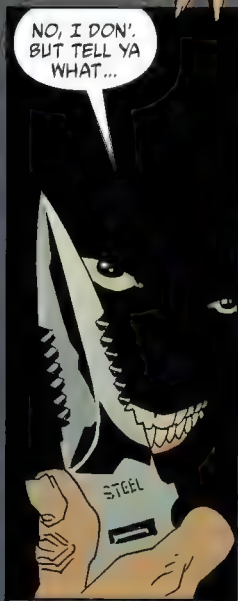


YOU GONNA WALK IN *HERE* AN' TREAT *ME* THAT WAY? DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

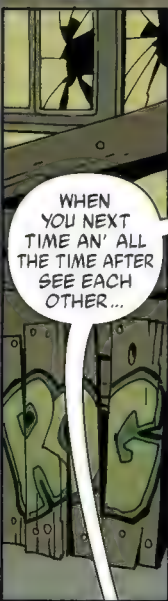
YOU KNOW WHO MY *MAN* IS?



NO, I DON'. BUT TELL YA WHAT...



WHEN YOU NEXT TIME AN' ALL THE TIME AFTER SEE EACH OTHER...



...YOU **BOTH** GONNA BE THINKIN' ABOUT **ME**.



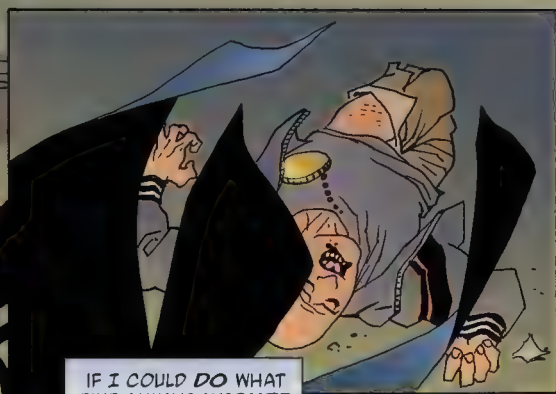
I DIDN'T
HAVE A
CHOICE.

KKSHKKKKK

NEITHER DID
MARGO.



RUN,
ANGEL BABY
RUN!



IF I COULD DO WHAT
I'VE ALWAYS WISHED
I COULD DO--



--FLY FOR
REAL--

--I MIGHT HAVE MADE
IT UP TO ANGEL BEFORE
HE GOT OUT THE WINDOW.

CRASH



THE
STREET...



...AND INTO
MY HEAD.





MY HEAD.



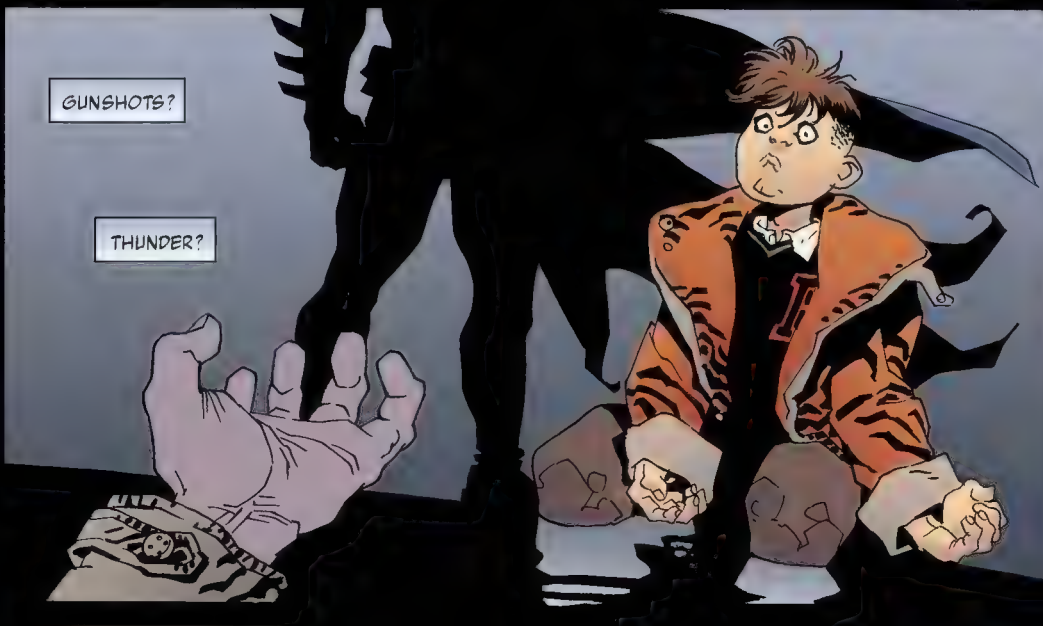
CRASH.



BANG BANG.



KA-BOOM.



GUNSHOTS?

THUNDER?

OR JUST *GOD*...

...*LAUGHING*
AT ME AGAIN?



DAWN. FOR AN
OPTIMIST, IT'S
THE START OF A
NEW DAY. FOR A
PESSIMIST?

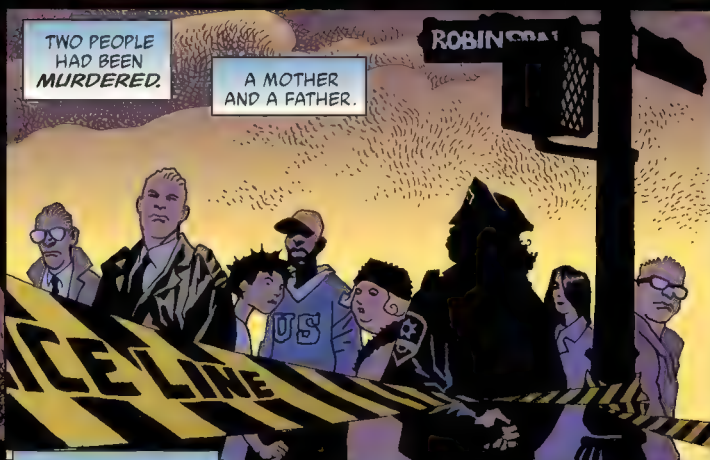
**SAME
THING.**

I'D SPENT THE NIGHT
HUNTING FOR ANGEL
LUPO, AND AS THE
SUNLIGHT BEGAN TO
STAB ITS WAY BETWEEN
THE TOWERS OF
GOTHAM, ALL IT DID
FOR ME WAS CAST
SHADOWS...

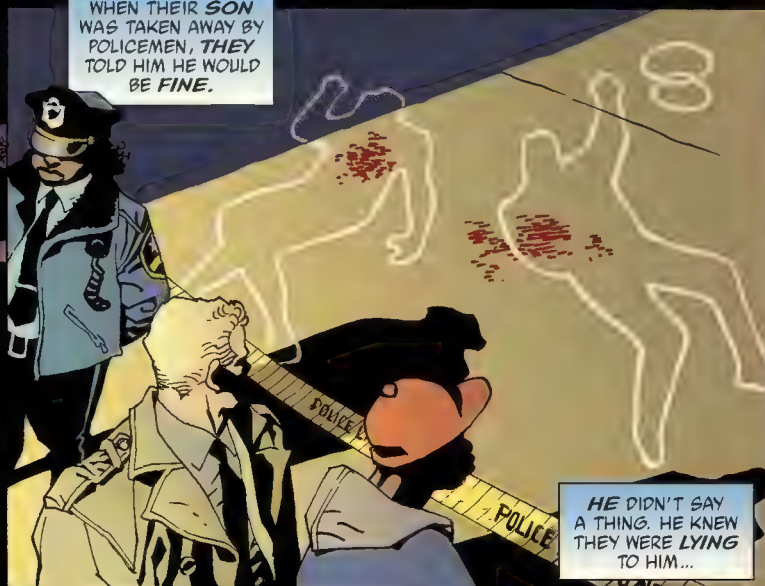


TWO PEOPLE
HAD BEEN
MURDERED.

A MOTHER
AND A FATHER.



WHEN THEIR **SON**
WAS TAKEN AWAY BY
POLICEMEN, THEY
TOLD HIM HE WOULD
BE **FINE.**



HE DIDN'T SAY
A THING. HE KNEW
THEY WERE **LYING**
TO HIM...

...AND SO DID I.

I DIDN'T HAVE MANY FRIENDS AT GOTHAM CENTRAL. FOR THE MOST PART, THEY'RE GUYS WHO GET HANDED A PAYCHECK TO ENFORCE THE LAW--



--THE TYPES WHO'D LOVE TO QUIT THEIR JOBS, BUT ARE AFRAID OF LOSING THEM-- RESENT *ANYONE* IN MY LINE OF WORK, 'CAUSE WE GRAB THE HEADLINES.

BUT DETECTIVE CRISPIS ALLEN WAS DIFFERENT.

HE SHOULD HAVE HATED MY GUTS, AND MAYBE HE DID.

OR MAYBE HE WISHED HE WERE ME.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

LAST NIGHT, SOME PEOPLE WERE KILLED.

ACCORDING TO THE WIRE? WE SUFFERED SEVEN.

WHICH ONE IS IMPORTANT TO YOU?



ONES--AS
IN **TWO**. YOUR
CASE, DETECTIVE
ALLEN.

THERE
WAS A
WITNESS: A
CHILD.

HMM. YEAH,
THAT. I'M NOT
GONNA BE MUCH TO
YOU, 'CAUSE THE BOY
HASN'T BEEN MUCH
TO **ME**.

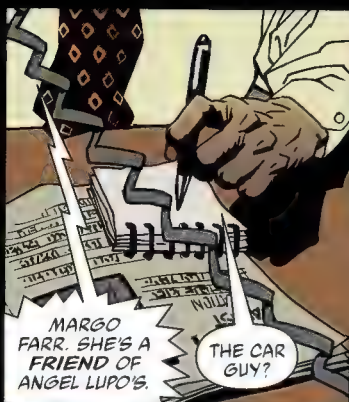
HE'S
CATATONIC.
PSYCH SAYS HE'LL
COME AROUND, BUT WITH
THIS KIND OF TRAUMA,
THEY'RE NOT SAYING
WHEN.

MAYBE
I COULD
HELP.

YEAH? YOU
GOOD WITH
KIDS?

I GOT A
NAME.

**OTHER
THAN THE ONE
THE PAPERS
CALL YOU?**



MARGO FARR. SHE'S A FRIEND OF ANGEL LUPO'S.

THE CAR GUY?



YOU ASK A LOT OF QUESTIONS



I'M A COP, REMEMBER?




YOU PICK UP MARGO, ASK HER WHERE ANGEL'S LAYING LOW.

ANGEL'S SISTER-- HER BODY WAS FOUND YESTERDAY, RIGHT?

YOU MIND TELLING ME IF THAT HAS TO DO WITH THIS?



YEAH, I DO.



IT HAD BEEN A **LONG**
NIGHT. LIKE IT OR NOT,
I NEEDED SLEEP

BUT THE **LAST**
THING I NEEDED
WAS WHAT COMES
ALONG WITH IT.


AND WHILE I COULD TAKE
A BEATING NOW AND
THEN, I COULDN'T TAKE
BEING BEAT--EVER.

SO I SPENT THE DAY
IN THE GYM, PUSHING
MYSELF, DOING
COUNTLESS REPS...



WHAT KIND OF **CRUEL** IS A MAN
WHO WOULD **KILL** A BOY'S PARENTS...

...YET LEAVE
HIM ALIVE?



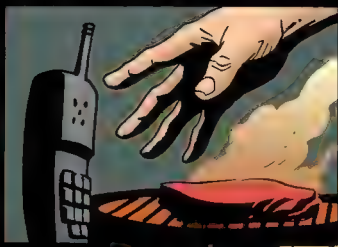
WHAT KIND OF
CRUEL IS A MAN
WHO WOULD **KILL**
A BOY'S PARENTS...



...YET
LEAVE HIM
ALIVE?



WHAT KIND OF
CRUEL...



...TWELVE HOURS LATER I WAS NO CLOSER TO THE ANSWER THAN I WAS THE FIRST TIME I ASKED THE QUESTION.

FOR MY SAKE, I PRAYED ALLEN WAS.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

GRILLING.



WHO?



A STEAK.

YOU COOK?



NO, I GRILL.

IT HELPS ME RELAX.



GRILLING
A STEAK TO *RELAX*?
BUT A PRIME PIECE OF
MEAT HAS TO BE JUST
RIGHT, NOT *UNDER*--
OR GOD FORBID--
OVERDONE.

IT IS. AND
THERE'S NO SAUCE
KNOWN TO MANKIND--
OR THE FRENCH--THAT
CAN HIDE THE FACT THE
CHEF'S TO BLAME.

THAT
MAKES A STEAK
THE MOST
STRESSFUL THING
TO COOK, YOU
KNOW?



I KNOW.

MARGO?

DOESN'T
KNOW--NOT
ABOUT ANGEL'S
WHEREABOUTS
BEYOND LAST
NIGHT,
ANYWAY.

MY GUESS IS HE'S
STILL IN TOWN, 'CAUSE
HE DIDN'T LEAVE ON
ANYTHING THAT
REQUIRES A TICKET
TO BOARD.



HE OWNS
A *STRING*
OF LOTS.



'FRAID *NOT*
ONE CAR HAS
VANISHED.



MARGO
GAVE
YOU--



NOTHIN'.
NOT EVEN
THAT *YOU'RE*
INVOLVED.

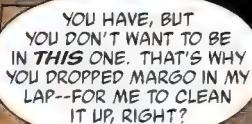
THEN HER
LIPS ARE
TIGHTER
THAN THEY
LOOK.



SO YOU ARE
MESSED
UP IN
THIS.



I'VE
BEEN IN
BIGGER
MESSSES.



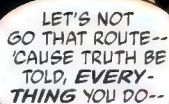
YOU HAVE, BUT
YOU DON'T WANT TO BE
IN **THIS** ONE. THAT'S WHY
YOU DROPPED MARGO IN MY
LAP--FOR ME TO CLEAN
IT UP, RIGHT?



IF YOU CAN'T
HANDLE IT--

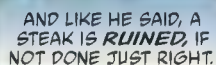


IT WAS **WRONG** TO CUT
ALLEN OFF, BUT MY
GRILL WAS FLARING.

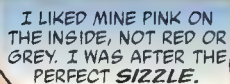


LET'S NOT
GO THAT ROUTE--
'CAUSE TRUTH BE
TOLD, **EVERY-**
THING YOU DO--

CLC



AND LIKE HE SAID, A
STEAK IS **RUINED**, IF
NOT DONE JUST RIGHT.



I LIKED MINE PINK ON
THE INSIDE, NOT RED OR
GREY. I WAS AFTER THE
PERFECT **SIZZLE.**



BUT I'D
MISJUDGED.



IT WAS **RED. RAW.**
MY TASTES DIDN'T
RUN THAT WAY...



...BUT I WASN'T THE ONLY
MAN IN TOWN WITH AN
APPETITE.

YER
CUTE.



I LIKE THE WAY
YOU LIE, BABY.

KEEP 'EM
COMIN'.



THIS
HERE'S A
TWO-WAY
STREET...

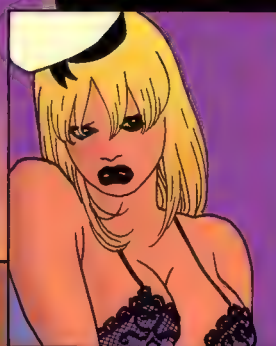


I THINK WE SHOULD
GET US A **PRIVATE**
ROOM.

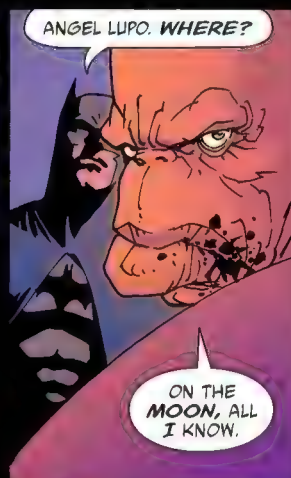
WHY'S
THAT?




'CAUSE I'M GETTIN'
JEALOUS A ALL THESE
OTHER GIRLS STARIN' AT
THAT **WAD** A YERS,
HANDSOME.





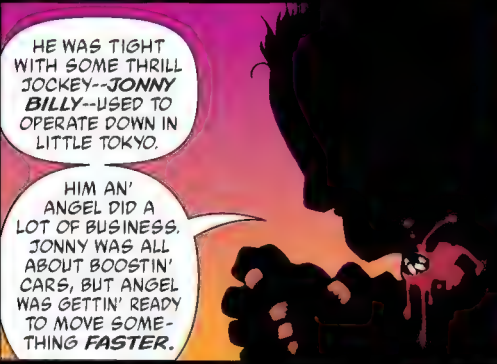




NOW DENTISTS,
THEY'RE EVEN
MORE EXPENSIVE
THAN LAWYERS,
AREN'T THEY?


I GOT
NO IDEA
WHERE
LUPO IS.

I NEVER
SAID YOU **DID**--I
ASKED WHERE HE
MIGHT BE.



HE WAS TIGHT
WITH SOME THRILL
JOCKEY--**JONNY**
BILLY--USED TO
OPERATE DOWN IN
LITTLE TOKYO.


HIM AN'
ANGEL DID A
LOT OF BUSINESS.
JONNY WAS ALL
ABOUT BOOSTIN'
CARS, BUT ANGEL
WAS GETTIN' READY
TO MOVE SOME-
THING **FASTER**.



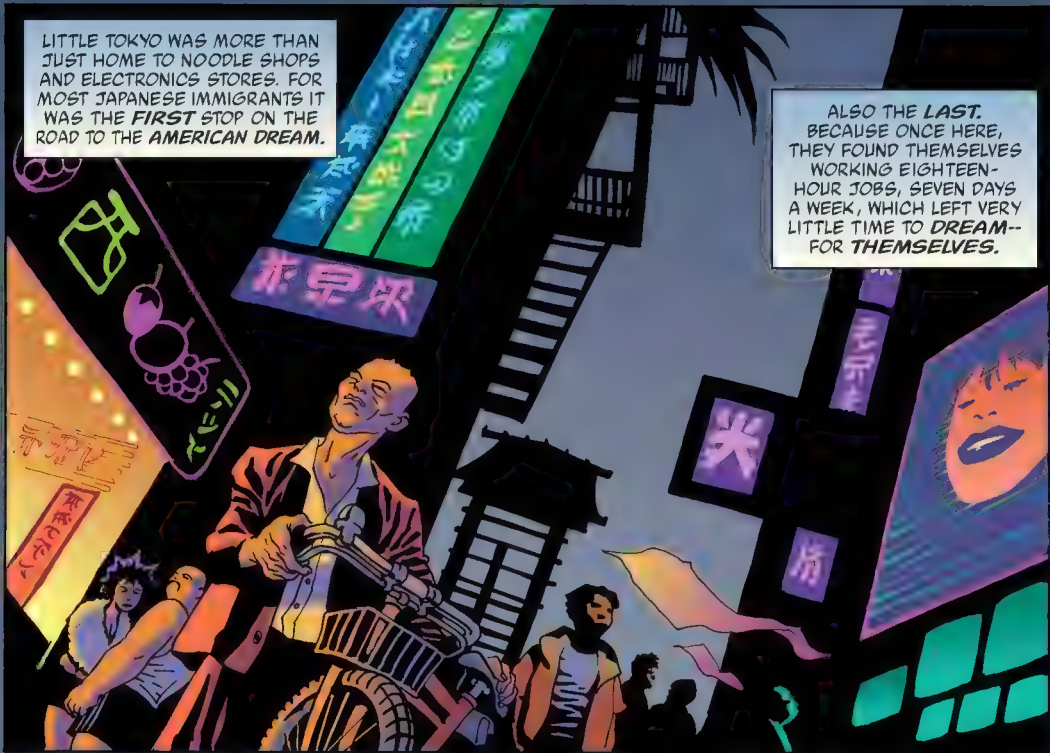
STILL DOWN
IN L.T., I
SUPPOSE.



SAY?--YOU
GONNA FIGHT
BY THE
RULES...



...YA MIGHT
WANT TO
LET THE
REST OF
US KNOW
WHAT THE
HELL THEY
ARE!



LITTLE TOKYO WAS MORE THAN JUST HOME TO NOODLE SHOPS AND ELECTRONICS STORES. FOR MOST JAPANESE IMMIGRANTS IT WAS THE **FIRST STOP** ON THE ROAD TO THE AMERICAN DREAM.

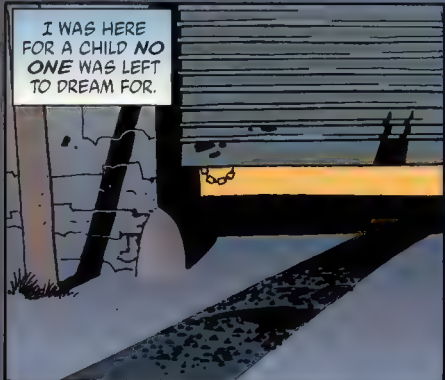
ALSO THE **LAST**. BECAUSE ONCE HERE, THEY FOUND THEMSELVES WORKING EIGHTEEN-HOUR JOBS, SEVEN DAYS A WEEK, WHICH LEFT VERY LITTLE TIME TO **DREAM--FOR THEMSELVES.**



BUT THEY DO **PRAY--**THAT THE LONG HOURS AND HARD WORK WILL SOMEDAY MAKE THE DREAM A **REALITY...**



...FOR THEIR **CHILDREN.**



I WAS HERE FOR A CHILD **NO ONE** WAS LEFT TO DREAM FOR.





ANGEL
LUPO.

I AIN'T
SEEN HIM, I
SWEAR...



YOU KNOW HOW
ACCIDENTS HAPPEN,
JONNY? GUYS--GUYS
LIKE YOU--GET CARELESS,
FORGET WHAT'S DANGEROUS
IN A PLACE LIKE THIS.



AAH!

NEXT THING
THEY KNOW, THEY'RE
IN THE EMERGENCY
ROOM, ONE HAND WRAPPED
IN A STICKY, WET SHIRT,
THE OTHER CLUTCHING A
BAG FULL OF ICE AND
LITTLE PIECES OF
THEMSELVES.


IT'S A
SHAME, TOO,
BECAUSE IT COULD
BE PREVENTED, IF
THEY'D JUST PAID
ATTENTION...

...TO WHAT'S
REALLY
DANGEROUS.




ALL RIGHT
ALL RIGHT ALL
RIGHT! ANGEL
WAS HERE!

BUT YOU
SWORE...




I'M NOT LYIN'--
HE CAME BY,
LOOKIN' FOR
SOME WHEELS--
I TOL' HIM TO
GET LOST!

THAT'S NO
WAY TO TREAT
A FRIEND...



HE SAID YOU
WAS DOGGIN' 'IM,
AN' HE'S CRAZY--LIKE IN
HAPPY ABOUT THAT FACT.



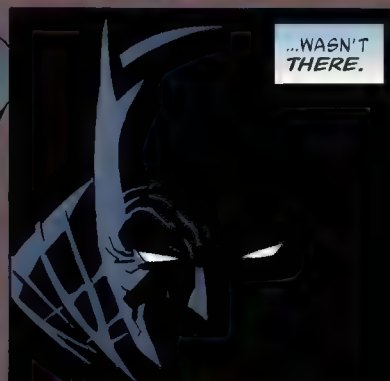
PUTS HIM
ON A MAP I
DON' WANNA
BE NEAR.

I MEAN LOOK,
I STEAL CARS, I
DON' HURT NOBODY
LONG AS THEY GOT
INSURANCE.

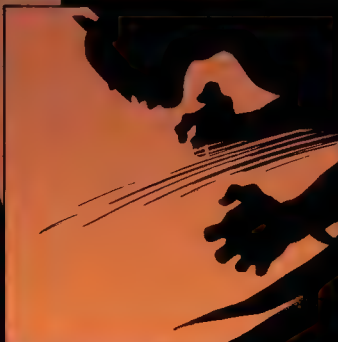


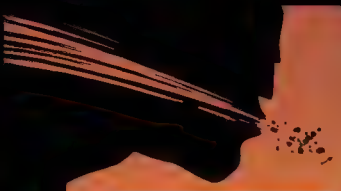
SO
WHERE'D
HE GO?

NO
CLUE.

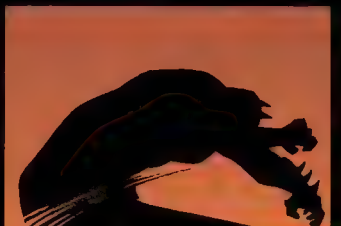










THOUGH MY FEET
WERE PLANTED FIRMLY
ON THE GROUND, IT
FELT LIKE THEY WERE
A **MILLION** MILES
FROM MY HEAD.



AND SINCE NOTHING WAS
REMOTELY **FIRM** BETWEEN THEM,
I KNEW I WAS ABOUT TO **FALL**
AT LEAST THAT DISTANCE.




ON THE WAY DOWN, I
THOUGHT ABOUT KICKING
MYSELF FOR BEING SO
CARELESS--AND I
WOULD HAVE, IF MY LEGS
HADN'T TURNED TO JELLY.



SEE,
CARELESSNESS
WAS JUST ONE OF
THE **MANY** THINGS
I HAD A HARD TIME
FORGIVING
MYSELF FOR.



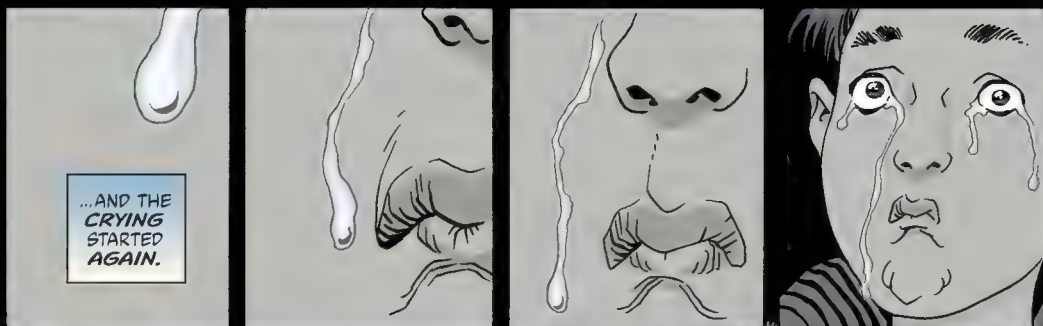
THE CONCRETE
PROVED TO BE JUST
AS **UNFORGIVING**.



AS THE LIGHTS WENT
DIM, THE LAST THING
I HEARD WAS **JONNY**,
BEGGING FOR HIS
LIFE BETWEEN SOBS.



THEN THE WORLD WENT
DARK, AND **SILENT**...



...AND THE
CRYING
STARTED
AGAIN.

THE
DREAM.

THE DREAM
I COULDN'T
AVOID.



THE DREAM I
HAVE EVERY
TIME I CLOSE
MY EYES...



THE DREAM OF
A CHILD NO
ONE WAS LEFT
TO DREAM
FOR.

BROKEN CITY · PART TWO ·

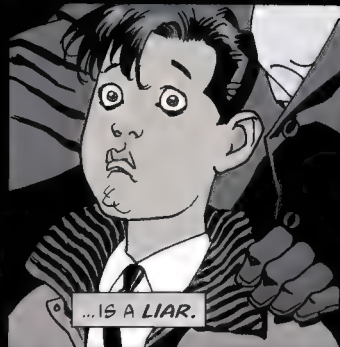
Written by BRIAN AZZARELLO

Illustrated by EDUARDO RISSO

Colored by Patricia Mulvihill • Lettered by Clem Robins • Cover by Dave Johnson
Asst Ed Zachary Rau • Edited by Will Dennis and Bob Schreck • Batman created by Bob Kane



A MAN
WITHOUT
FEAR...



...IS A LIAR.



TRUTH IS,
EVERYBODY'S
AFRAID OF
SOMETHING.

I'VE SUCCESSFULLY
SPENT MORE TIME
THAN MONEY
MAKING CERTAIN
EVERYBODY'S
AFRAID OF ME.



AFRAID OF ME.
EVERYBODY'S
AFRAID OF
SOMETHING.



WHAT AM I
AFRAID OF?



IT'S NOT
SPIDERS, THE
DARK, LOSING...



...LOSING...



...OR EVEN DEATH.



BUT
DREAMING.

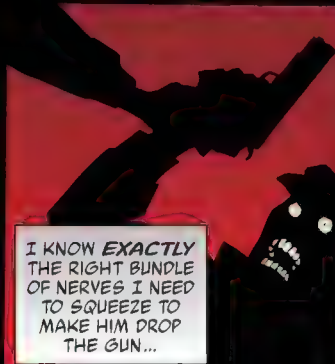


BUT HE
MISSES.

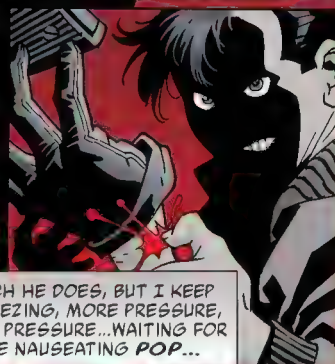

SOMETIMES
WHEN I DREAM,
THE GUN GOES
"BANG BANG"...




OR BEFORE THE
"BANG BANG" I ACT.




I KNOW *EXACTLY*
THE RIGHT BUNDLE
OF NERVES I NEED
TO SQUEEZE TO
MAKE HIM DROP
THE GUN...



WHICH HE DOES, BUT I KEEP
SQUEEZING, MORE PRESSURE,
MORE PRESSURE...WAITING FOR
THE NAUSEATING POP...



...AND WHEN IT
COMES, I KNOW
HE'LL *NEVER*
BE ABLE TO
HOLD A GUN
EVER AGAIN...



...AND I'LL
BE HELD BY
ARMS THAT
I'VE *NEVER*
BEEN HELD BY
SINCE.



AND SOMETIMES, IT'S NOT
JUST A "BANG BANG", BUT A...



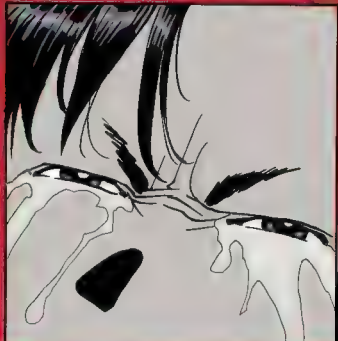
BANG



BANG...



...BANG.



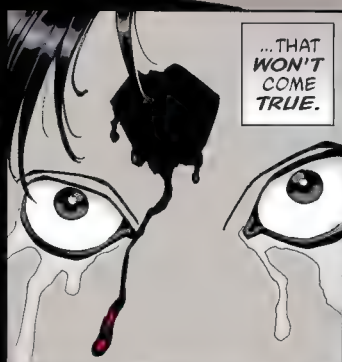
AND WE'RE
TOGETHER.



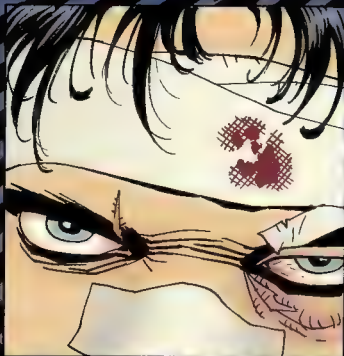
BUT IT'S
JUST A
LIE.



A DREAM...

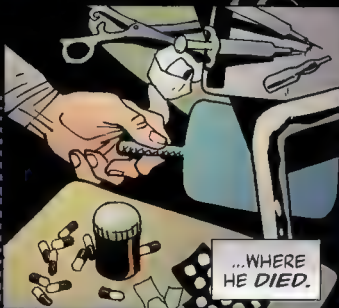


...THAT
WON'T
COME
TRUE.

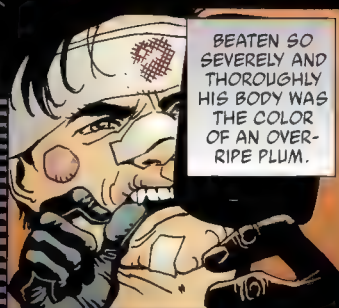


WHEN I CAME TO,
I MANAGED TO
STAGGER TO
ONE OF THE MANY
APARTMENTS I KEPT
FOR JUST SUCH AN
OCCASION, WHERE
I COLLAPSED
BEFORE SUNRISE.

JONNY BILLY HADN'T
BEEN SO **LUCKY**.
FROM THE TRAIL OF
BLOOD AND VOMIT
SMEARED ACROSS
THE GARAGE FLOOR,
IT LOOKED LIKE HE'D
MANAGED TO CRAWL
INTO A CORNER...



...WHERE
HE DIED.



BEATEN SO
SEVERELY AND
THOROUGHLY
HIS BODY WAS
THE COLOR
OF AN OVER-
RIPE PLUM.



WHOEVER--
WHATEVER--IT WAS
THAT DID IT OBVIOUSLY
DIDN'T WANT ME
FINDING ANGEL LUPO.

WHICH MEANT
WE WOULD
DEFINITELY
MEET AGAIN.

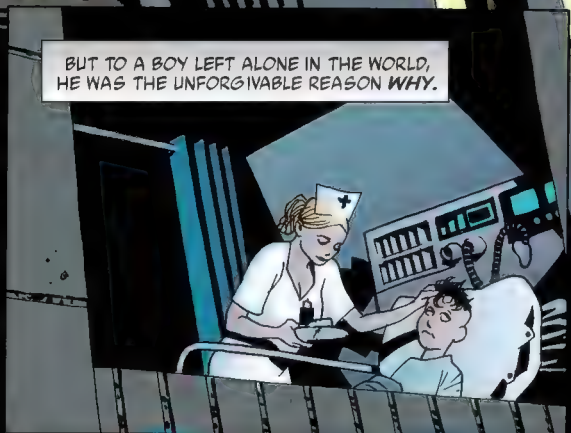
BECAUSE I
WAS **DEFINITELY**
GOING TO **FIND**
ANGEL LUPO.





ANGEL WAS
NOTHING--LESS
THAN NOTHING.
WORTHLESS.

BUT TO A BOY LEFT ALONE IN THE WORLD,
HE WAS THE UNFORGIVABLE REASON *WHY*.



WHICH MADE BRINGING
HIM TO JUSTICE WORTH
EVERYTHING.



MORE THAN
EVERYTHING.



ANGEL GOT HIS LEG UP SELLING WHAT HE CALLED "**HIS USED CARS**"...MADE OUT OF PIECES OF WHAT THE PREVIOUS OWNERS REFERRED TO AS "**MY *STOLEN* CAR.**"



JUST ANOTHER THIEF, **MASQUERADING** AS A LEGITIMATE BUSINESSMAN.



THAT GAVE ME AN IDEA-- A CLICHÉ, ACTUALLY. ONE THAT STARTS WITH "***BIRDS OF A FEATHER...***"



ALL RIGHT,
YOU HAVE MY
ATTENTION...

OSWALD COBBLEPOT
WAS A STUDY IN
CONTRASTS.

HE HAD BEADY LITTLE
EYES--WET, MILKY WHITE--
AND A MOUTHFUL OF TEETH
AS YELLOW AND BROWN AS
AN EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD
NEWSPAPER.

HIS NOSE, LARGER THAN
LIFE, HIS CHIN STILL
WAITING TO BE BORN.



WHAT SWELLED OUT
AT THE END OF HIS
SHIRTSLEEVES LOOKED
MORE LIKE COW
UDDERS THAN HANDS
AND FINGERS...

WHILE HIS FEET WERE
ALMOST...DAINTY.

TO BALANCE THIS MESS
ALL OUT, HE HAD A
WAISTLINE THAT BELCHED
HE *NEVER* LET ANY-
THING GO TO WASTE.

BUT HE DRESSED NICE--
REALLY NICE.

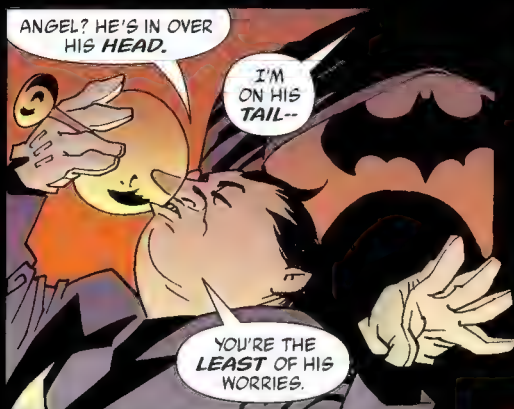
OSWALD'S PHYSICAL
SHORTCOMINGS AND
SARTORIAL SPLENDOR
EARNED HIM THE
NICKNAME "PENGUIN"--
WHICH *HE* HATED--SO
OF COURSE I'D MADE
SURE THAT IT *STUCK*.



I SAID--

SING TO ME
ABOUT ANGEL
LUPO...

...AND MAKE
SURE IT'S A
TUNE I DON'T
ALREADY
KNOW.



TO OSWALD, THE MOST VALUABLE COM-MODITY IN GOTHAM WAS **INFORMATION**. HE TRADED IT, LIKE A STOCK.

AND WHAT I'D GIVEN HIM WAS APPARENTLY **BLUE CHIP**.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

LEAVING.

WHY **THAT** WAY? YOU SHOULD LEAVE THE WAY YOU CAME IN...

GIVE ME A REASON TO.

DON'T!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE AN ORDER.

PLEASE!

NOW YOU'RE **BEGGING...**

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!

ANGEL MADE A DEAL WITH SOME PEOPLE--NEW BLOOD. CALL THEMSELVES **FAT MAN** AND **LITTLE BOY**. THEY **MEAN--NO--WANT** BUSINESS HERE IN GOTHAM.

OTHER PEOPLE'S
BUSINESS--ISN'T THAT
YOUR BUSINESS?

YES. BUT
BUSINESS IS ABOUT
RELATIONSHIPS, AND
THEY DIDN'T FEEL THE
NEED TO GET INTO
ONE WITH ME...

YET.

BUT
THEY
WILL.

IF YOU ACT
TOO **NEEDY**,
YOU'RE TAKEN
ADVANTAGE OF.
LIKE YOUR
FRIEND.

ANGEL.

HE HAS SOME-
THING OF THEIRS,
AND THEY WANT
IT MOVED.

WELL,
I WANT
HIM.

FEH. BETWEEN
YOU, THE NEW
BLOOD, AND...

AND I'D SAY
ANGEL'S GOTHAM'S
MOST WANTED
RIGHT NOW.

WAIT!



THE WAY THE PENGUIN RAN THE ICEBERG LOUNGE WAS GENUINELY **SEDUCTIVE**. HIS CLIENTELE WERE TWO SEPARATE CROWDS THAT WANTED TO BE IN EACH OTHER'S CIRCLE.



ONE WAS THE OLD MONEY, RICH AND BORED, LOOKING FOR THRILLS RUBBING ELBOWS WITH...



...THE FRESHLY MINTED, LIVE AND DIE ON THE EDGE, NEW MONEY GANGSTERS, WHO JUST WANTED THE LUXURY OF BEING OLD AND BORED SOMEDAY.



SEEING ME WALK OUT OF PENGUIN'S OFFICE PUT BOTH OFF. SURE, THIS WAS A PLACE TO BE **SEEN**...

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO ME?

...BUT NOT BY ME.



C'MON, OSWALD-- IT WAS MY **PLEASURE!**

IF I TELL...?

ANGEL'S KILLED HIS SISTER, ELIZABETH. WHO'D PAY YOU TO KNOW THAT?





SCARFACE.

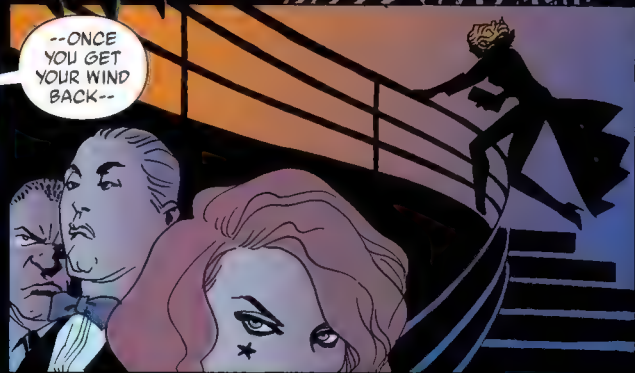
WON'T
BE THE
NOSE.



WHAM



WHY
DON'T
YOU TELL
ME--



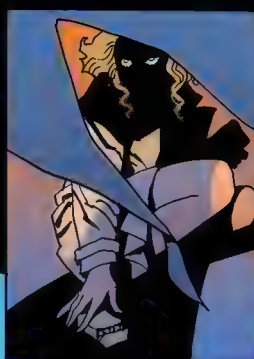
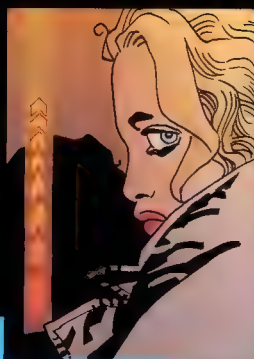
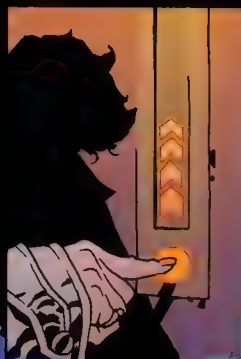
--ONCE
YOU GET
YOUR WIND
BACK--



--WHAT I
HAVE TO DO
TO GET ANY
TIPS OUT
OF YOU...

--PENGUIN.





GOING,
MS. FARR?

THINGS
SUDDENLY
RAN A BIT
STALE HERE.
THOUGHT I'D
GET SOME
FRESH
AIR.



THAT'S
A GOOD
IDEA.

MIND
IF I JOIN
YOU?



SUIT
YOURSELF.

I DO.



I CAN
TELL.



I DON'T
KNOW WHERE
ANGEL IS.

IT SEEMS
NO ONE
DOES.

GOTHAM'S
A BIG PLACE.
IT'S EASY TO
GET LOST.



YOU
SHOULD
TRY IT
SOME-
TIME.



THAT
BETTER
BE--

--UNFOR-
TUNATELY ...



...IT IS.

CLIK



SIGH?

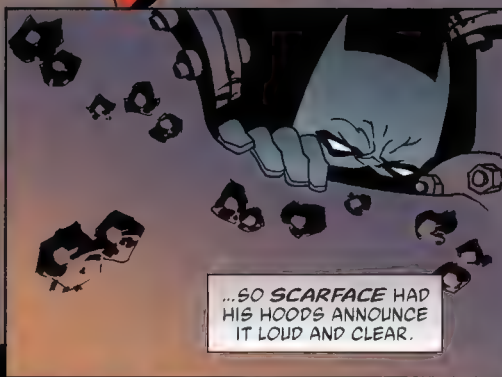
PING





A FEW MINUTES AGO,
I DIDN'T KNOW **HE** HAD
ANYTHING TO DO WITH
THIS CASE...

I MEAN, PENGUIN HAD
BARELY WHISPERED
HIS NAME...



...SO **SCARFACE** HAD
HIS HOODS ANNOUNCE
IT LOUD AND CLEAR.

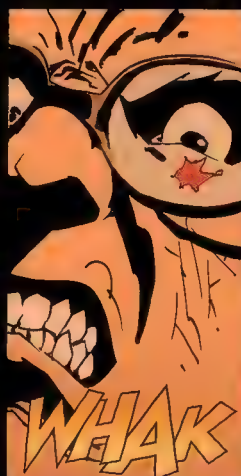


YOU
CAN LET
GO OF ME
NOW.



NO I
CAN'T.







MR. SCARFACE,
I DON'T **THINK**--

NO KIDDIN', KID.

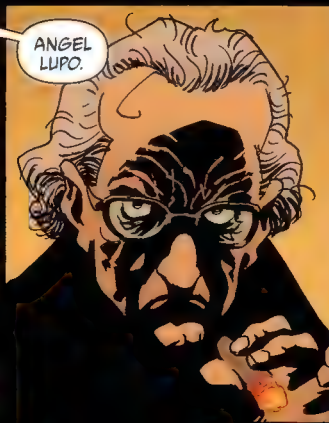
I'M THE ONE DOES THE
THINKIN', SO'S I SAY YOU
SHOULD--

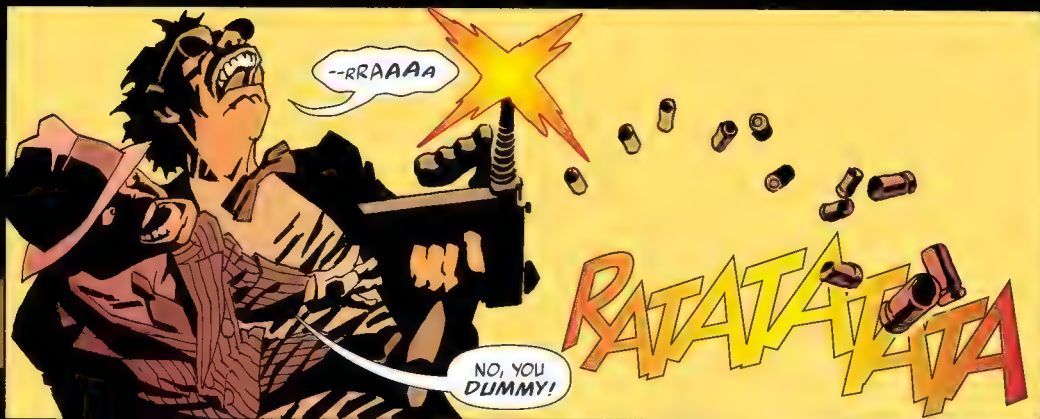
--PUT THE
GUN DOWN,
ARNOLD.

WELL
WELL WELL.
JUS' THE
MAN I
WANNA
SEE...

'BOUT THAT RUN-IN
YOU HAD WITH MY BOYS
HERE EARLIER, WAS A
CASE A' **MISTAKEN
IDENTITY.**

NO HARD
FEELINGS?





--RRAAA

NO, YOU
DUMMY!

RATATATATA

ARNOLD WESKER WAS
NO *DUMMY*. WHAT
HE WAS WAS *CRAZY*.

WHAT HE *WASN'T*, WAS
VIOLENT. THAT PART
OF HIS PERSONALITY
HE HAD TRANSFERRED
TO SCARFACE, A NASTY
PUPPET THAT PULLED
HIS STRINGS...



...BUT *NEVER* HIS *PUNCHES*.
SURE, IT WAS REALLY ARNOLD WHO
CONTROLLED A SIZABLE PIECE OF
GOTHAM'S UNDERWORLD...

SO ARNOLD *LOSING* HIS COOL
AND SCARFACE *KEEPING* HIS
WASN'T A *NORMAL* REACTION IN
THEIR *ABNORMAL* RELATIONSHIP?

NOT THAT
IT MATTERED
TO ME. SURE,
ARNOLD WAS
SICK...



...BUT IT WAS
SCARFACE
WHO *REALLY*
CONTROLLED
ARNOLD.




...BUT SO WAS I.




**SICK
OF BEING
SHOT AT.**

**SICK OF
ASKING
QUESTIONS.**




**SICK OF
GETTING
NOWHERE.**


I LET SCARFACE
KNOW THAT THE
ONLY CURE FOR
MY SICKNESS
WAS ANGEL LUPO.



THAT MADE
ME FEEL
BETTER...



...BUT NOT ONE
HUNDRED PERCENT.



THAT WOULD
TAKE THE
REST OF
GOTHAM
KNOWING
THE CURE.

I'D TURN THE
ENTIRE CITY
INTO MY
DOCTOR...

BROKEN CITY • PART THREE •

Written by **BRIAN AZZARELLO**
Illustrated by **EDUARDO RISSO**

Colored by **Patricia Mulvihill** • Lettered by **Clem Robins** • Cover by **Dave Johnson**
Assistant Editor **Casey Seijas** • Edited by **Will Dennis** and **Bob Schreck** • Batman created by **Bob Kane**



THERE'S VERY
LITTLE THAT MAKES
A BODY FEEL MORE
VULNERABLE...



...THAN HEARING
SOMETHING IT
SHOULDN'T IN THE
DEAD OF NIGHT.



A SCREAM,
A WHISPER.



A MUFFLED RUSTLING
IN A GARBAGE CAN
OR THE EXPLOSION OF
A LOCKED DOORKNOB
BEING TRIED.



SOUNDS THAT
AREN'T JUST HEARD
IN THE EARS...



...BUT FELT
BELOW--
AND **BEHIND,**
THE BELT.

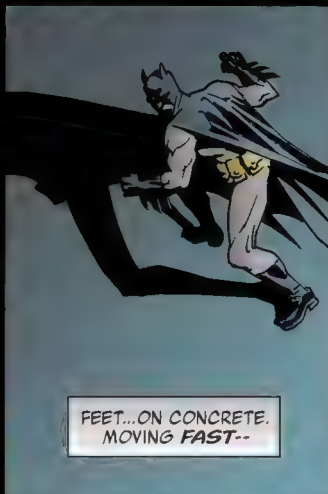
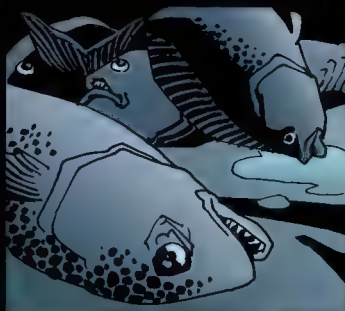
I WENT DOWN
TO LITTLE TOKYO,
NOT SURE OF
WHAT I WAS
LOOKING FOR...

...BUT DAMN
CERTAIN, THAT
IF I MADE THE
RIGHT NOISE...

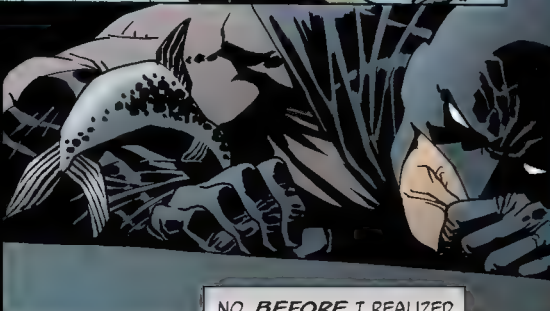
CRAASH

...IT WOULD
FIND ME.

CLIC



--ER THAN I REALIZED.



NO. BEFORE I REALIZED.



...AND "BIG" WAS
WAY TOO SMALL
TO DESCRIBE HIM.

BROKEN CITY PART FOUR

Written by **BRIAN AZZARELLO**
Illustrated by **EDUARDO RISSO**

Colored by **Patricia Mulvihill** • Lettered by **Clem Robins** • Cover by **Dave Johnson**
Assistant Editor **Casey Seijas** • Edited by **Will Dennis** and **Bob Schreck** • Batman created by **Bob Kane**

PENGUIN HAD TOLD
ME THERE WERE A
COUPLE OF NEW
PLAYERS IN TOWN...



...CALLED THEM
FATMAN AND
LITTLE BOY.

AND SINCE I'D LONG AGO
TAKEN IT UPON MYSELF TO
BE GOTHAM'S ONE-MAN
WELCOMING COMMITTEE
FOR "PLAYERS"...



...I HOPE
YOU'RE NOT THE
ONE THEY CALL
LITTLE BOY.



HA! **THAT**
WOULD BE
SOMETHING--





--WOULDN'T
IT? *SHE'S*
LITTLE BOY.



I BET THAT
NAME'S *GOLD* IN SOME
CIRCLES.

GOLD?
WHAT DO
YOU--

--KNOW
ABOUT
GOLD?



I KNOW
IT'S A *SMART*
INVESTMENT.



AND WE KNOW
YOU GOT ONE *HELL*
OF A REP. *EVERY-*
BODY TALKS.



BUT YOU...
NOBODY KNOWS
ANYTHING ABOUT.

OR WHAT
THEY DO
KNOW--



--THEY'RE
AFRAID
TO SAY.

NOW *THAT'S* A
REPUTATION.

IT'S A
START.



OF WHAT?

OUR
BUSINESS
IN GOTHAM.



I HEAR THAT
BUSINESS ISN'T SO
GOOD. EVERYBODY'S
TALKING ABOUT HOW YOU
GOT **BURNED**.



WHAT
ARE THEY
SAYING?

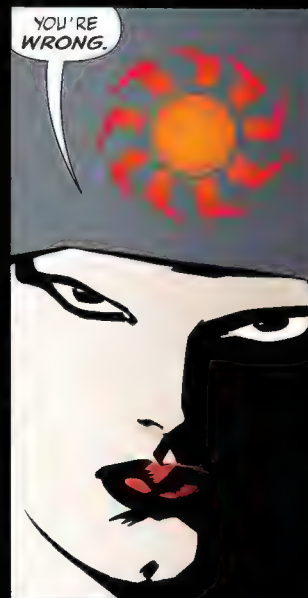


ANGEL
LUPO.

A **PUNK**
CAR SALES-
MAN WHO
TOOK SOME
JAPANESE
TOURISTS
FOR A
RIDE.



I'D FEEL
LUCKY THOUGH,
IF I WERE YOU.
ANGEL'S CAPABLE
OF **ANYTHING**--
HELL, HE EVEN HAD
HIS OWN SISTER
MURDERED.



YOU'RE
WRONG.





I WOULDN'T FRET
OVER IT TOO MUCH,
DETECTIVE--



--AFTER
ALL, WHAT
MAKES FOR
A BETTER
STORY--

--THAN
THE **ONE**
THAT GOT
AWAY?

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY HAD **ALREADY** HAPPENED IN MY LIFE.

AND THERE WAS NO WAY ANGEL WAS GOING TO BE THE OTHER ONE.


ieckert
GOLD

IT WAS A BAD NIGHT,
AND A BAD MOOD...


...BUT EVEN WORSE
FOR EVERY HOOD
I CAME ACROSS...

...OR UPPER CUT...


...OR RIGHT HOOK.



A REGULAR
NIGHT? I PUT
SOMEONE DOWN,
THAT'S WHERE
THEY STAYED...



...DOWN FOR THEIR
CRIMES--WHICH I
BREAK UP, ALONG
WITH THEIR JAWS.



BUT *THIS* NIGHT, I
WASN'T INTERESTED IN
PUTTING JUST ANYBODY
DOWN, OR BREAKING
ANY JAWS AT ALL,
'CAUSE I WANTED
THEM *WORKING*.



ALL REPEATING THE
SAME QUESTION I *SPIT*
IN THEIR FACES...



"WHERE IS ANGEL LUPO?"

VIDEO SCALER

1080i/540p

DVI
MP3
JPG

High Fidelity
SPEAKERS

DVD Player

Go-DVD

I MADE MY
BUSINESS
THEIR
BUSINESS.

NEW SYSTEM
• 1000 DVI
• PROJECTOR
SOLBY's

FROM EVERY
BOOKMAKER
AND BLACK-
MARKETEER...

...TO EVERY
GRIFTER AND
EVERY FENCE.

ONE QUESTION.
ONE ANSWER.
UNTIL I GOT IT...

...THERE WOULD BE
NO "BUSINESS"
IN GOTHAM.

IT HAD
BEEN A REAL
LOUSY NIGHT...



...BUT NOT A
BAD ONE.

GOOD
MORNING,
DETECTIVE
ALLEN.

GUESS YOU
HAVEN'T SEEN
THE PAPERS
YET.

BEEN
BUSY.

ME, TOO.
LOOKING FOR
ANGEL LUPO.
GOT SOME
QUESTIONS
FOR HIM--

--YOU, TOO.

LIKE
WHAT?

LIKE I'VE GOT **NO REASON**
TO BELIEVE HE KILLED THAT BOY'S
PARENTS OTHER THAN **YOU**
POINTING ME IN THAT DIRECTION.

MEANING **YOU** WERE AFTER **HIM**
FOR **SOMETHING**. AND SINCE
DEALING STOLEN CARS IS A LITTLE
PEDESTRIAN FOR YOU...

...THAT
"**SOMETHING**,"
I'M GUESSING,
IS HIS SISTER'S
MURDER.

THE MATH ISN'T *THAT* HARD.

NO, IT ISN'T. JUST TWO AND TWO TOGETHER. BUT THIS TIME-- UNFORTUNATELY?

IT *DOES* ADD UP TO FOUR.

THE MATH ISN'T *THAT* HARD.

NO, IT ISN'T. JUST TWO AND TWO TOGETHER. BUT THIS TIME-- UNFORTUNATELY?

IT *DOES* ADD UP TO FOUR.

THE MATH ISN'T *THAT* HARD.

NO, IT ISN'T. JUST TWO AND TWO TOGETHER. BUT THIS TIME-- UNFORTUNATELY?

IT *DOES* ADD UP TO FOUR.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

POLICE NEWS

Landfill Lupo was pregnant!

GOTHAM CITY

KIDDER FOR LOVE

The Batman sighted

Sniper can't

IT WON'T BE ONLY YOU AN' ME DOGGIN' ANGEL NOW. THIS IS THE TYPE OF CRIME THAT STRANGLES A CITY 'TIL IT'S SOLVED. ORDER'S COME DOWN FROM THE MAYOR--THE ENTIRE FORCE IS ON THIS CASE.

The image consists of two panels from the comic book 'Batman: The Dark Knight Returns'. The left panel shows Batman in a dark, hooded suit, looking down at a newspaper. The right panel shows Batman with a wide, menacing grin, with a speech bubble saying 'WHAT?'.

WHAT?

YOU'RE WRONG.
IT IS A GOOD MORNING

WHAT?

YOU'RE WRONG.
IT IS A GOOD MORNING

IT WASN'T UNTIL
AFTER NOON THAT
I **FIRST** FELT IT...

...A **BAD**
FEELING,
GNAWING.
ME, THE
COPS AND
ROBBERS...

...ALL WORKING TO FIND THE
SAME MAN. I WASN'T SURE
IF IT WAS THAT ARRANGE-
MENT, OR THE **GNAWING**
THAT PUT ME ON **EDGE**, SO
I PUT IT OUT OF MY MIND.

BUT I KNEW I HAD
GOTTEN DANGEROUSLY
CLOSE TO **CROSSING**
MY OWN LINE.

IN BETWEEN MINUTES OF
SLEEP, I THOUGHT ABOUT
HOW ALLEN HAD SAID HE
HAD SOME QUESTIONS, YET
HADN'T ASKED ME ANY.

AND WHILE I WAS
SLEEPING, THE FATE
OF ELIZABETH LUPO'S
UNBORN CHILD
CROSSED INTO MY DREAM.

IT BLURRED
THE LINE EVEN
MORE, SO I
DIDN'T CARE
WHO I
CROSSED.



ALL I CARED
ABOUT WAS A
LITTLE BOY.



WHEN YOU
WENT TO TALK TO
ANGEL LUPO ABOUT
THE DEATH OF HIS
SISTER, WHAT
HAPPENED?

...HE WAS
GONE. HE RAN.
HE KNEW I WAS
COMING.




HOW
COULD HE
KNOW
THAT?

THE
DISCOVERY
OF HER BODY...
IT WAS ON
THE NEWS.




AND THAT
YOU WERE
COMING?


NO.



WITH
WHAT YOU'VE
LEARNED, AND
SEEN WHO
HE'S INVOLVED
WITH...



...WHAT MAKES
YOU **SO SURE** HE
WAS RUNNING
FROM YOU...



...OR THAT
HE HAD **ME**
AND MY **BABY**
KILLED?



**KA
BOOM**

THE RUMBLE IN THE SKY AND THE WET SLAPPING THE WINDOWS MEANT I'D GOTTEN THE ATTENTION OF GOD AGAIN.

AND AS I PULLED ON MY GLOVES, I KNEW BEFORE THE NIGHT WAS OVER, THEY'D BE SOAKED...

...IN BLOOD.

CROC.

HEH.

YOU AN' ME, WE GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS.

LOOKS LIKE YOU AN' YOUR DENTIST HAVE SOME, TOO.

NAH, NAH WE DON'T. I WENT TO SEE 'IM, BUT SITTING BACK IN THE CHAIR, I DECIDED I LIKE THIS LOOK.

HOW'D HE TAKE THE NEWS?

IN THE THROAT.

YOU GOT THIS TOWN GOING CRAZY.

CRAZIER.



WELL, I'M
DOIN' MY PART. YOU
WANT ANGEL, YOU
GOT 'IM.

THAT'S
WHAT I WANTED
TO HEAR.




RIGHT ON.
SEE? I CAN
PLAY BY YOUR
RULES.



MY RULES?
LET'S TALK ABOUT
YOURS...



...YOU WOULD
NEVER GIVE
ME ANGEL,
'CAUSE HE
WOULD GIVE
ME YOU.



UNLESS
YOU WEREN'T
HIS TO GIVE.

I KNOW
THAT LOOK IN
YOUR EYES.
I'VE SEEN IT
BEFORE.



YOU'RE
HUNGRY.



STARVING,
IS WHAT I AM.



YOU WANT
A PIECE
OF ME?



I'D FOUND CROC
WAITING FOR
SOMEONE,
MOST LIKELY
DINNER.



MAYBE IT WAS ANGEL,
BUT I DOUBTED THAT. CROC
WAS TOO READY TO HAND HIM
OVER ON A SILVER PLATTER...




...BUT WHAT HE WAS
REALLY LOOKING
TO DO WAS DEVOUR
ANYONE LINKING HIM
TO ELIZABETH
LUPO'S MURDER.





WHEN MARGO FARR SHOWED UP
FOR HER **RESERVATION**, I
KNEW I'D MADE A MISTAKE.

A **BIG**
ONE.



ANGEL LEARNED THAT
HIS SISTER WAS DEAD,
HE RAN THINKING **HE**
WAS **NEXT**.

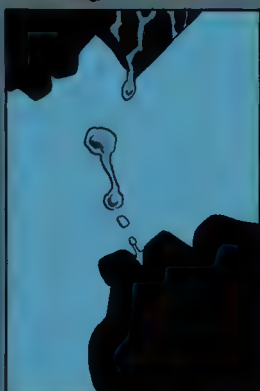
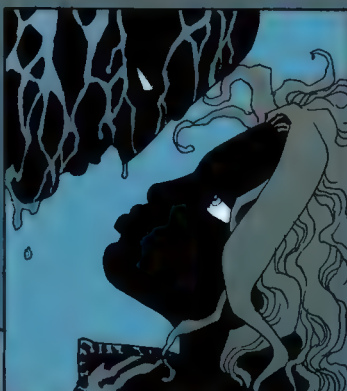
MEANING HE WAS
GUILTY, BUT NOT OF
THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH
AND HER UNBORN CHILD.

WHATEVER IT WAS,
THOUGH, HE THOUGHT
IT WAS ENOUGH TO
MEAN HIS **OWN LIFE**
WAS AT **RISK**.



AND IT
WAS.

BECAUSE
OF ME.

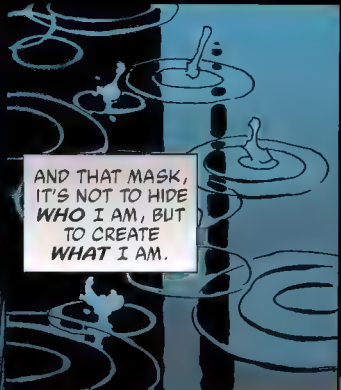


NOW, ALL OF
GOTHAM WAS
HUNTING A MAN...


...A MAN I
WOULD HAVE
TO SAVE.




I WEAR A
MASK.




AND THAT MASK,
IT'S NOT TO HIDE
WHO I AM, BUT
TO CREATE
WHAT I AM.



AND WHAT THAT IS, I'VE
ALWAYS THOUGHT, IS A
NIGHTMARE FOR THE
KIND OF PEOPLE THAT
SCARE OTHER PEOPLE.



BUT AS I WATCHED
MARGO'S MASCARA RUN
OFF IN THE RAIN, EXPOSING
THE NIGHTMARE OF WHO
SHE WAS, I HAD TO
GLANCE IN A PUDDLE...



...JUST TO
MAKE SURE
WHAT **I AM**
WAS STILL
THERE.

WHY,
MARGO?

GO TO
HELL!

GO?
LOOK AROUND...
WE'RE **ALREADY**
THERE.

AND AS **BAD**
AS THIS IS, IT'S
GOING TO GET EVEN
WORSE FOR
ANGEL, SEE...

...**HE'S**
GOING TO
TAKE THE
FALL.

I TOLD
YOU **HE**
DIDN'T
DO IT!

HE DIDN'T DO
IT! HE DOTED
ON LIZ--HE
LOVED
HER!

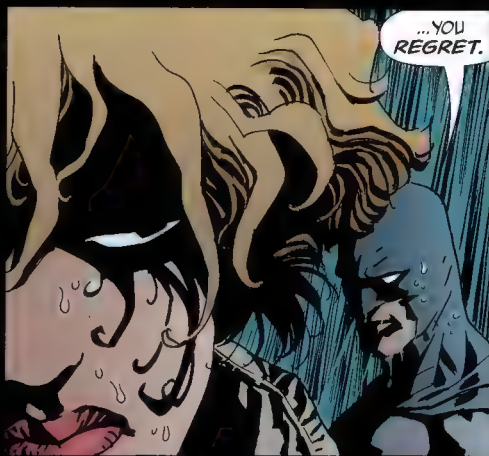
AND
YOU **LOVED**
HIM.

HAVING HIS
SISTER **MURDERED**
IS A FUNNY WAY OF
SHOWING IT.

I DIDN'T BELIEVE YOU. AND
NOW, THIS CITY IS GOING TO GET **SQUEEZED**
FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE LAW UNTIL HE **POPS.**



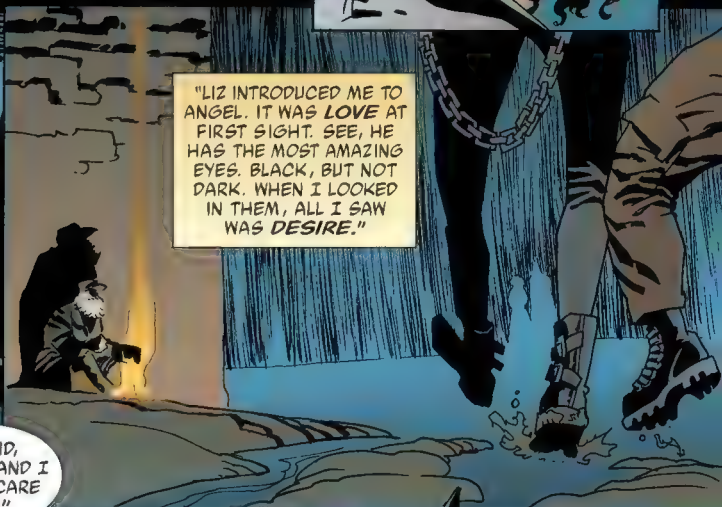
WELL, LOVE'S
A FUNNY THING, ISN'T
IT? MAKES YOU DO
THINGS...



...YOU
REGRET.



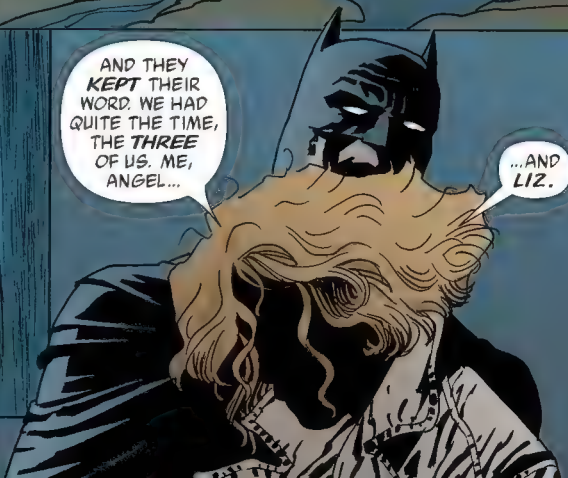
OR YOU'RE
EMBARRASSED
TO ADMIT.



"LIZ INTRODUCED ME TO
ANGEL. IT WAS LOVE AT
FIRST SIGHT. SEE, HE
HAS THE MOST AMAZING
EYES. BLACK, BUT NOT
DARK. WHEN I LOOKED
IN THEM, ALL I SAW
WAS DESIRE."



THEY SAID,
"TAKE ME, AND I
WILL TAKE CARE
OF YOU."



AND THEY
KEPT
THEIR
WORD. WE HAD
QUITE THE TIME,
THE THREE
OF US. ME,
ANGEL...

...AND
LIZ.



IT'S *NOT* WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. WHEN ANGEL LOOKED AT LIZ *ALL* HE SAW WAS HIS *BABY* SISTER. HE DIDN'T WANT TO NOTICE THAT SHE'D *GROWN UP*.



"BUT SHE *HAD*, AND SOMEONE *ELSE* NOTICED.

"SHE DIDN'T LOVE THE GUY--I MEAN, HE WAS ALMOST *IMPOSSIBLE* TO LOVE, BUT HE WAS EASY TO *CONTROL*, AND LIZ LOVED *THAT*."



BUT ANGEL WOULDN'T EVEN LET LIZ DATE, HE WAS SO PROTECTIVE OF HER. IF HE FOUND OUT SHE WAS *PREGNANT*?



DESPITE WHAT I SAID, SHE WAS GONNA KEEP THE BABY. OR AS SHE CALLED IT "MY KEY TO THE *PENTHOUSE*."



SO THIS "HE" WAS *RICH*.

AND *DANGER-
OUS*.



VERY DANGEROUS.



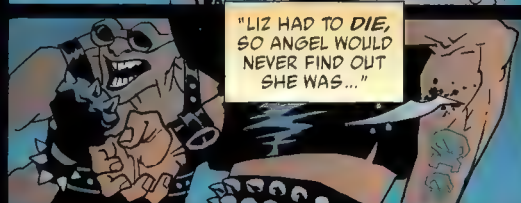
BUT THAT WOULDN'T HAVE **STOPPED** ANGEL. NOT WITH HIS **SISTER--UNMARRIED SISTER--** WHO MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN THE **BLESSED MOTHER--SOILED AND DIRTIED.**

ANGEL WOULD'VE SEEN **RED**, AND HE'D GO AFTER THE MAN RESPONSIBLE.



AND THAT MAN, THAT **RICH AND DANGEROUS** MAN, WOULD HAVE **KILLED MY MAN.**

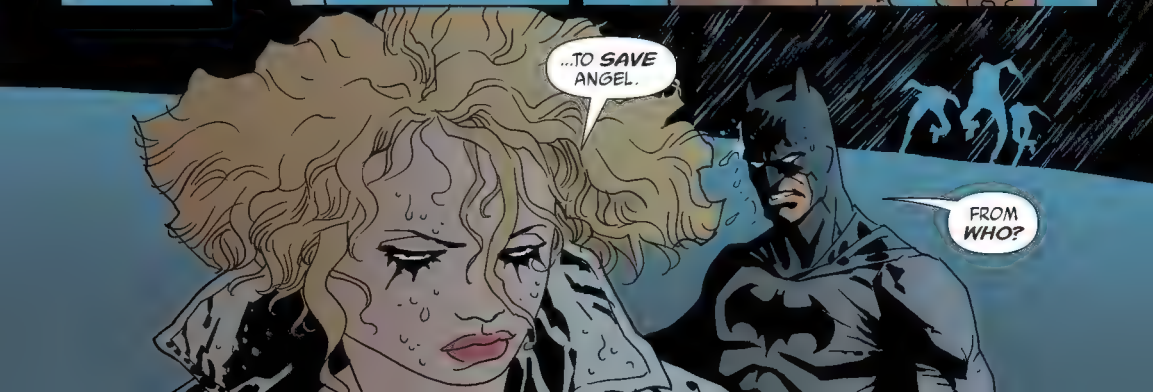
I COULDN'T LET THAT HAPPEN.



"LIZ HAD TO **DIE**, SO ANGEL WOULD NEVER FIND OUT SHE WAS ..."




"I HAD HIS **SISTER KILLED...**"




...TO **SAVE** ANGEL.

FROM **WHO?**

A large, dynamic illustration of Batman in flight, his cape billowing out as he moves through a dark cityscape at night. The perspective is from below, looking up at the hero as he glides between tall buildings. The lighting is dramatic, with highlights on the buildings and Batman's suit.

I DIDN'T HAVE TO
ASK MARGO WHAT I
ALREADY KNEW, BUT I
WAS HAVING TROUBLE
BELIEVING IT.

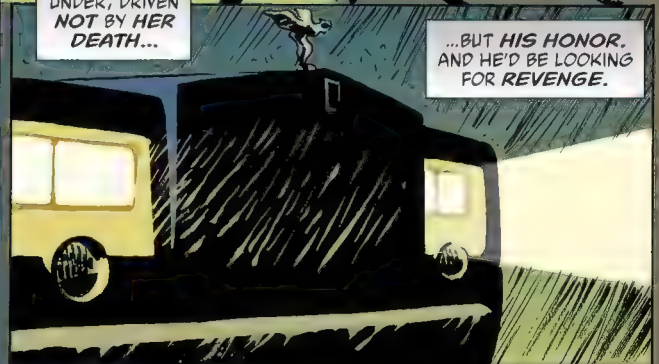
HEARING HER
SAY HIS *NAME*
DIDN'T MAKE IT
ANY EASIER.

A close-up, high-contrast illustration of a man's face, likely Margo. He has a beard and is looking upwards with a determined or perhaps distressed expression. The lighting is harsh, creating deep shadows and bright highlights.

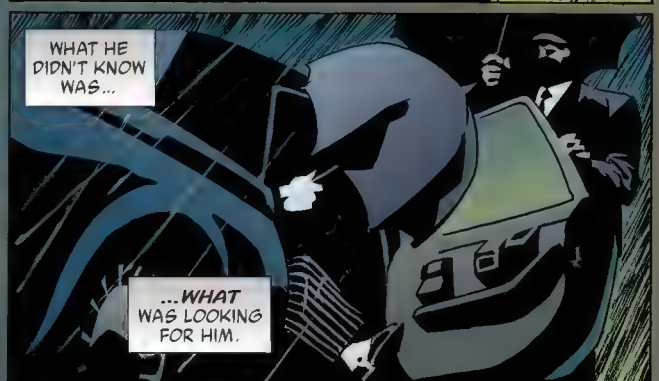
AND GIVEN WHAT SHE'D
ALSO SAID CONCERNING
THE HIGH REGARD ANGEL
HELD HIS SISTER IN,
COUPLED WITH THE FACT
THAT THE UNSAVORY
DETAILS OF HER DEATH
HAD BEEN IN THE PAPERS,
MEANT *ONE* THING.

ANGEL WOULD
BE CRAWLING
OUT FROM
UNDER, DRIVEN
*NOT BY HER
DEATH...*

...BUT *HIS HONOR.*
AND HE'D BE LOOKING
FOR *REVENGE.*

An illustration of a dark-colored van parked at night. The van's windows are dark, but there are some reflections. The background is dark with some light streaks, suggesting a rainy or wet surface.

WHAT HE
DIDN'T KNOW
WAS...

An illustration of Batman sitting in the driver's seat of a car. He is wearing his iconic cowl and is looking forward. The car's interior and the view through the windshield are visible.

...*WHAT*
WAS LOOKING
FOR HIM.

A CITY OF
HURT.



I'D SICCED
ALL OF
GOTHAM'S
UNDERWORLD
ON ANGEL...

...AND RUBBED
THE PD'S NOSE IN
HIS SCENT, TOO.



WHY?

BECAUSE A
MOTHER AND
A FATHER WERE
DEAD ON THE
STREETS, CUT
DOWN...

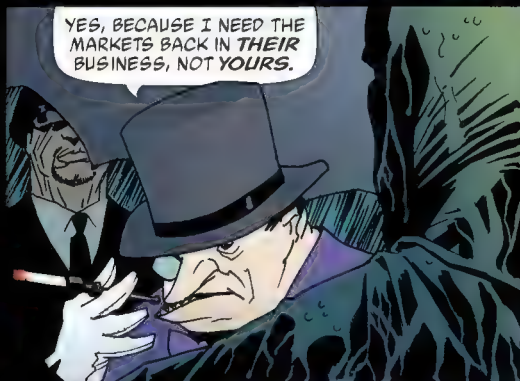
...BECAUSE
OF ME.



AGAIN.

HELLO,
OSWALD.
WHAT BRINGS
YOU OUT ON A
RAINY NIGHT--
FISH
JUMPING?





THE LAST THING I
NEEDED TO HEAR
WAS PENGUIN
POINTING OUT WHAT
I NEEDED TO
UNDERSTAND.

PAWNSHOP

BECAUSE WHAT I
UNDERSTOOD WAS
THAT ALL THE PIECES
I'D BEEN TRYING
TO FIT TOGETHER
CONCERNING ANGEL
LUPO WEREN'T EVEN
PARTS OF THE SAME
PUZZLE.

BUT PENGUIN'S
INSIGHT--WHICH IS
WHAT IT WAS--WOULD
TURN OUT TO BE JUST
THE *FIRST* THAT
NIGHT, IN A *LONG* LINE...

...OF *LAST* THINGS...

...I NEEDED
TO HEAR.

WHAT THE
HELL'RE
YOU DOIN',
SLAPPY?

D'YAAA!

JEEZ, CROC,
GIMME A HEART
ATTACK!

I'M...IT'S
LIKE A
SIGNAL.

FER WHO?

C'MON, YOU
KNOW WHO'S
OUT FOR THAT
LUPO GUY.

WELL,
I SEEN
'IM.



WHERE?

HE--
HE COME
TO ME!

WHAT
FOR?



SAME
REASON
ANYONE
DOES!

A GUN!



HE WAS
LOOKIN' TO BUY
A GUN!



ANGEL...

HAD...

NO...



...WHERE ELSE TO
TURN. EXCEPT BACK
ON THE ONES HE'D
DOUBLE-CROSSED.

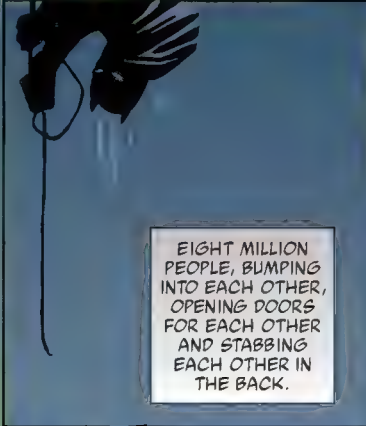
BUT IN HERE THERE ARE NO
SECOND CHANCES. GOTHAM
CITY'S STINGY THAT WAY, SINCE
IT ONLY HAS SO MANY CHANCES
TO GO AROUND AND EIGHT MILLION
PEOPLE FIGHTING FOR JUST ONE.



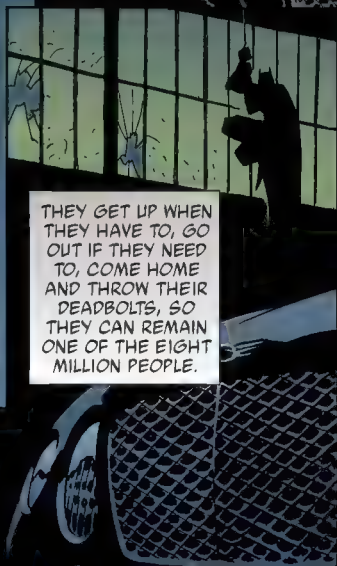
EIGHT MILLION PEOPLE--
GIVE OR TAKE WHO
SURVIVES A NIGHT.



EIGHT MILLION
PEOPLE, BUMPING
INTO EACH OTHER,
OPENING DOORS
FOR EACH OTHER
AND STABBING
EACH OTHER IN
THE BACK.

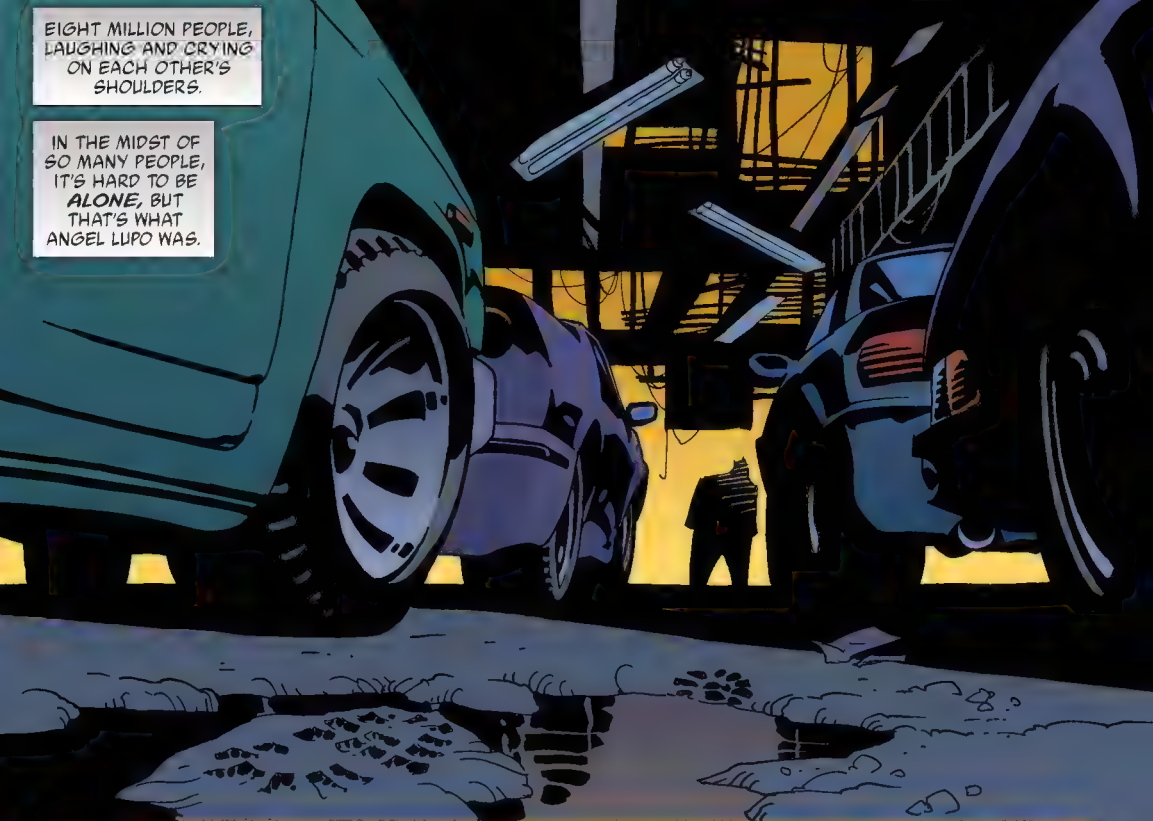


THEY GET UP WHEN
THEY HAVE TO, GO
OUT IF THEY NEED
TO, COME HOME
AND THROW THEIR
DEADBOLTS, SO
THEY CAN REMAIN
ONE OF THE EIGHT
MILLION PEOPLE.



EIGHT MILLION PEOPLE,
LAUGHING AND CRYING
ON EACH OTHER'S
SHOULDERS.

IN THE MIDST OF
SO MANY PEOPLE,
IT'S HARD TO BE
ALONE, BUT
THAT'S WHAT
ANGEL LUPO WAS.



ALONE IN GOTHAM,
SURROUNDED BY **EIGHT**
MILLION PEOPLE.

I **KNEW**
HOW HE FELT.

IS THAT
YOU,
ANGEL?

NO...

IT'S THE
ONLY CHANCE
HE'S GOT.





YOU HAVE
QUITE AN **EGO**,
DETECTIVE.

BUT NO
CLUE. ANGEL'S
ONLY CHANCE IS
HIM HANDING OVER
WHAT HE **STOLE**
FROM US.

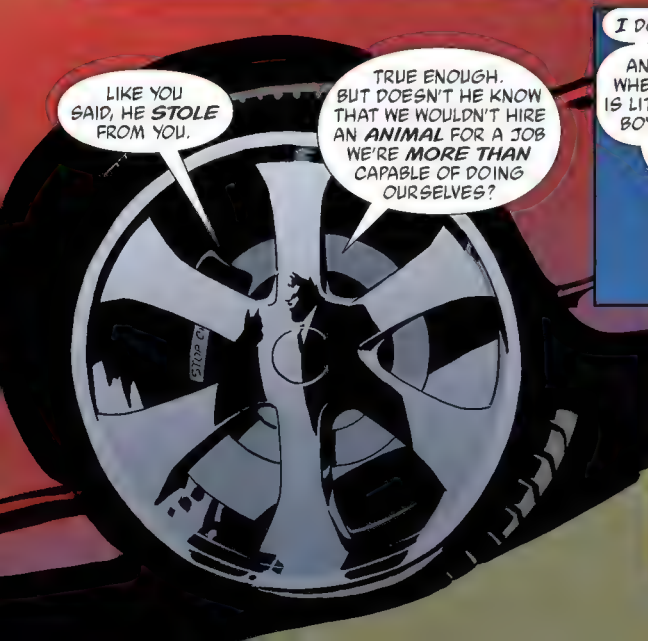
THAT'S A **SLIM** ONE,
FATMAN. ANGEL HAS
NO INTENTION OF MAKING
GOOD WITH YOU...



...AND EVERY
INTENTION OF
KILLING YOU FOR
THE MURDER OF
HIS SISTER.



WHY WOULD
HE THINK WE
HAD ANYTHING TO
DO WITH HER
DEATH?



LIKE YOU
SAID, HE **STOLE**
FROM YOU.

TRUE ENOUGH.
BUT DOESN'T HE KNOW
THAT WE WOULDN'T HIRE
AN **ANIMAL** FOR A JOB
WE'RE **MORE THAN**
CAPABLE OF DOING
OURSELVES?



I DO.
AND
WHERE
IS **LITTLE**
BOY?



LITTLE
BOY? SHE'S
RIGHT **BEHIND**
YOU.



DID I SAY
BEHIND?
I MEANT IN
FRONT.

AND
TO YOUR
LEFT.

OR
RIGHT.



WHEREVER
YOU *THINK* SHE
IS, SHE'S *ALREADY*
BEEN. YOU CAN'T
GET CLOSE
TO HER.



THANKS
FOR THE *TIP*.
ANYTHING ELSE
I SHOULD
KNOW?

EVERY-
THING'S CLOSE
TO ME.

IT WAS LIKE
BEING STUCK
IN QUICKSAND...



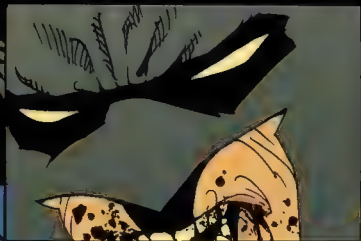
INFESTED WITH
PIRANHAS.

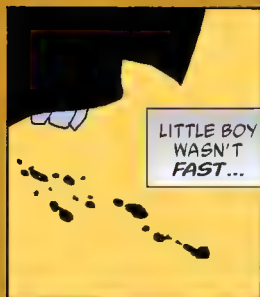


A LOSE/LOSE SITUATION,
WHERE I HOPED THE
INEVITABLE WOULD COME
SOONER THAN LATER.

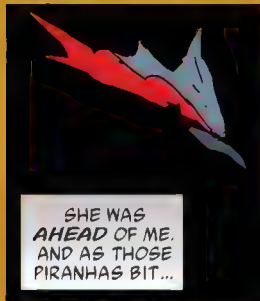


AND AS THE AIR RUSHED OUT OF
MY LUNGS QUICKER THAN I COULD
SUCK IT BACK IN, CAUSING MY
VISION TO **TUNNEL**, I SAW A
LIGHT AT THE END OF IT.





LITTLE BOY
WASN'T
FAST...



SHE WAS
AHEAD OF ME.
AND AS THOSE
PIRANHAS BIT...



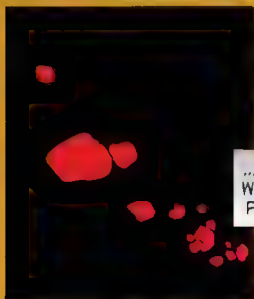
AND BIT...



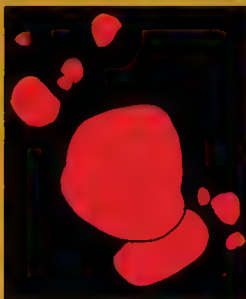
AND
BIT...



I DIDN'T PAY
ATTENTION
TO ANY
MOUTH...



...BECAUSE I
WAS LOOKING
FOR A TAIL.





I COULD
HAVE BEEN
GENTLE.



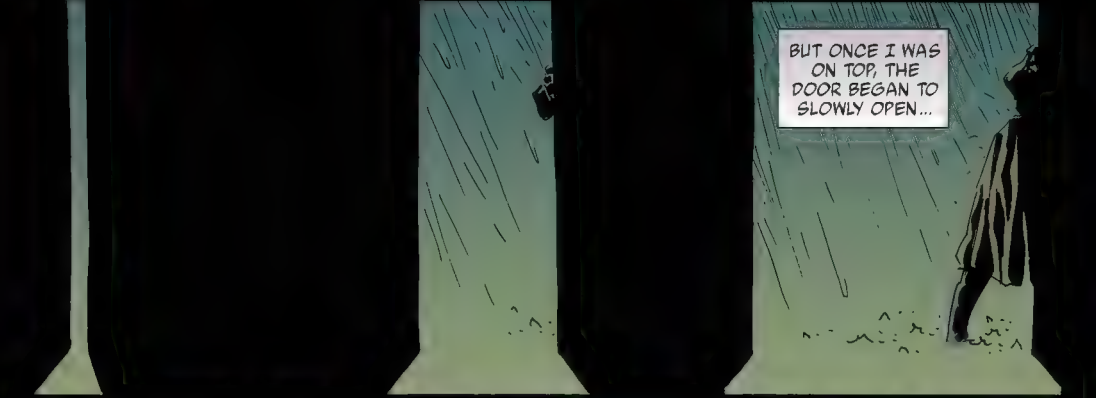
I COULD
HAVE GONE
EASY.




I COULD
HAVE TRIED
TO REASON.




I COULD
HAVE.



BUT ONCE I WAS
ON TOP, THE
DOOR BEGAN TO
SLOWLY OPEN...



...AND A
BRILLIANT
SLIVER OF
WHITE
CRACKED
ACROSS
THE FLOOR.



AND EVEN THOUGH I REALIZED HE WAS
CAUGHT IN A TRAP HE MISTAKENLY
THOUGHT HE SET HIMSELF...

...I WANTED
HIM TO SEE THE
NIGHTMARE.

ANGEL
LUPO.

ANGRY...

FED
UP...

...SCARED.

ANGEL LUPO.





AND IN HIS AMAZING, BLACK EYES,
I SAW THAT HE *COULDN'T* DO
WHAT HE WAS *TRYING* TO DO.

CONTROL
THE SITUATION.

FORCE THINGS
INTO BEING THE
WAY HE *WANTED*
THEM TO BE...



...SO HE
RAN.

...INTO *SOMEONE*
WHO *KNEW* WHAT
TO DO WITH A *GUN*.



BROKEN CITY • **PART FIVE** •

Written by **BRIAN AZZARELLO**
Illustrated by **EDUARDO RISSO**

Colored by **Patricia Mulvihill** • Lettered by **Clem Robins** • Cover by **Dave Johnson**
Assistant Editor **Casey Seljas** • Edited by **Will Dennis** and **Bob Schreck** • Batman created by **Bob Kane**

EVERY TIME
I HEAR GUNFIRE...

THE **SHARP** CRACK
FOLLOWED BY THE
START OF AN **ECHO**
THAT'S SHATTERED
BY **ANOTHER**
CRACK, ECHO AND
ANOTHER CRACK...

...I MAKE A
PROMISE TO
MYSELF THAT IT
WILL BE FOR THE
LAST TIME.

BUT LIKE SOME CHEATING HUSBAND
WHO KNOWS HE'LL BE "WORKING
LATE" AGAIN, IT **NEVER** IS.

NOT FOR ME.

PUT
THE GUN DOWN,
ARNOLD.



SINCE WHEN
DOES THE *DUMMY*
TAKE ORDERS FROM
YOU, SHAMUS?

HE'S ON MY
PAYROLL--MEANIN'
I CALL THE SHOTS,
GET ME?



BUT, *DON'T* GET
ME WRONG--I GOT
NOTHIN' AGAINST THAT
STIFF AT'CHER FEET--
JUS' ANOTHER NICKEL
AN' DIME PUNK FAR AS
I'M CONCERNED--



--BUT TO A
DUMMY?



A *DAMN* STUPID
MOON-EYED
IDIOT WHO LETS
HIS LITTLE HEAD
DO THE TALKIN'
FOR HIS--



MR. SCARFACE?



SHUT UP.





I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SLEEP NIGHTS, NOT SINCE THE DAY HER BODY WAS FOUND. I JUST LAY IN BED, **WONDERING...**

...WHO WE WOULD HAVE INVITED TO OUR **WEDDING...**

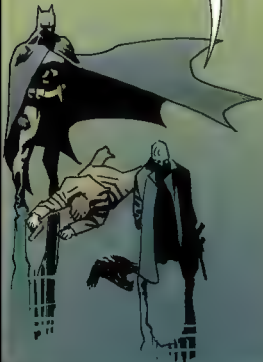
...HOW SHE WOULD HAVE LOOKED WHEN SHE WAS **OLD...**



...WHAT WE WOULD HAVE NAMED OUR **SON**. NOT THAT WE KNEW, BUT, SHE **WANTED** A BOY.



AND I WONDER, WHAT IF HE DIDN'T DIE WHEN SHE DID? WHAT IF HE WAS **TRAPPED** INSIDE OF HER? AS IF HIS MOTHER... SUDDENLY BECAME... HIS **COFFIN** AND HE WAS **BURIED ALIVE...**



I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT THAT WOULD BE LIKE...**STARVING? SUFFOCATING? FREEZING?**



LIKE SOME MINER, LOST IN A CAVE-IN.



ANGEL, YOU
SON OF A--
WHY'D YOU DO
THIS TO ME?



I WAS CERTAIN
YOU'D MADE SURE I'D
NEVER BE HAPPY AGAIN...

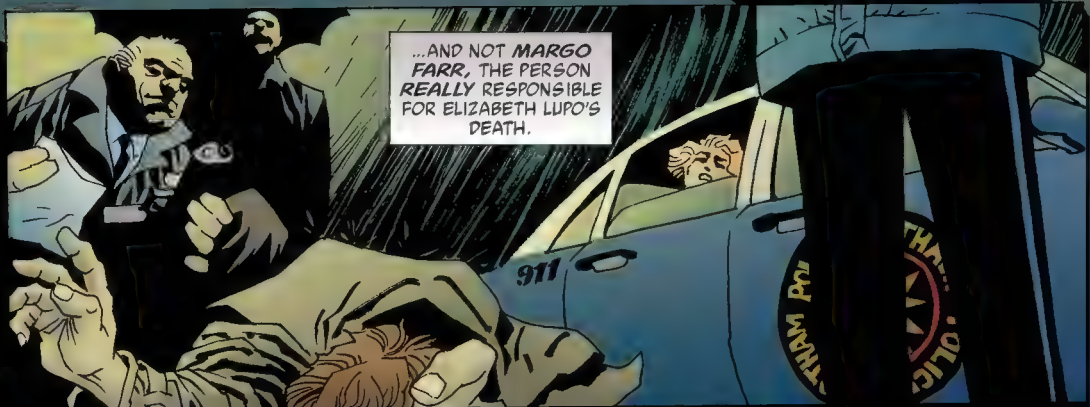


...BUT
NOW THAT
YOU'RE DEAD,
I AM.

IF HAPPINESS IS ANYTHING,
IT'S HARD TO COME BY.
MAYBE THAT'S WHY I DIDN'T
TELL ARNOLD THAT HE HAD IT
RIGHT THE **FIRST** TIME.



...AND NOT **MARGO FARR**, THE PERSON
REALLY RESPONSIBLE
FOR ELIZABETH LUPO'S
DEATH.

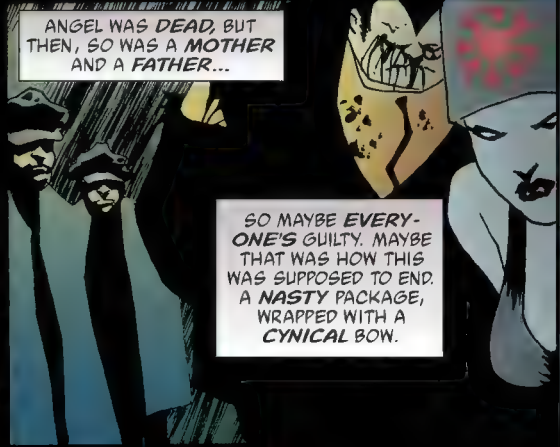


ANGEL HAD **NOTHING**
TO DO WITH IT.



MAYBE I
DIDN'T TELL
ARNOLD THAT
BECAUSE I
WAS FEELING
GUILTY.

ANGEL WAS DEAD, BUT
THEN, SO WAS A **MOTHER**
AND A **FATHER**...



SO MAYBE **EVERY-ONE'S** GUILTY. MAYBE
THAT WAS HOW THIS
WAS SUPPOSED TO END.
A **NASTY** PACKAGE,
WRAPPED WITH A
CYNICAL BOW.

WHEN SCARFACE'S GOONS HAD OPENED FIRE IN FRONT OF PENGUIN'S CLUB, I FIGURED THEY WERE GUNNING FOR *ME*...



OR *MAYBE*...

...IT WASN'T OVER YET.

I DON'T SUPPOSE I'LL GET A **STATEMENT** FROM YOU.

NOT SEEING THAT WE'VE **NEVER SPOKEN**, DETECTIVE ALLEN.

YEAH.

SOMEBODY'S DEMANDING TO TALK TO YOU, THOUGH.

RIGHT AFTER ALL THIS WENT OUT ON THE WIRE...

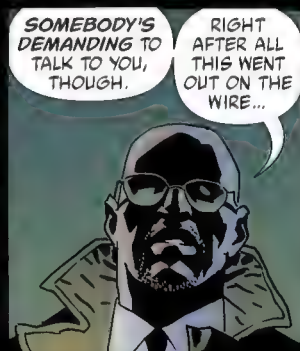



THERE WAS AN **INCIDENT** AT ARKHAM.

YOUR **FRIEND** IS TAKING CREDIT FOR IT, AND HE'S **PROMISING** IT WILL HAPPEN AGAIN.

I DON'T HAVE ANY **FRIENDS**.

IN ARKHAM YOU HAVE **LOTS** OF 'EM, AND I THINK YOU KNOW **WHICH** FRIEND I'M TALKING ABOUT.





I DID, AND IT
CHILLED ME
MORE THAN
THE RAIN,
BECAUSE HE...

...ALWAYS...

...KEPT HIS
PROMISES.

TONIGHT, THREE INMATES
SIMULTANEOUSLY STUCK THEIR
ARMS UP WHERE THE SUN *NEVER*
SHINES AND PULLED THEIR *GUTS*
OUT INTO THE *LIGHT* OF DAY.

HE PROMISED THAT IT WOULD
HAPPEN *AGAIN*, UNLESS I
CAME TO SEE HIM IN...

...ARKHAM ASYLUM.

IF ARKHAM WASN'T
PROOF THERE WAS *NO*
GOD, IT CERTAINLY
MEANT THERE WAS A
PLACE--AND PEOPLE--
BEYOND HIS REACH.

HOME TO GOTHAM'S
CRIMINALLY INSANE, IT
WAS A STAIN ON THE
CITY, A DEPRESSINGLY
CONSTANT REMINDER OF
HUMAN POTENTIAL.

AND IF IT IS
GOD THAT
RAINS DOWN ON
GOTHAM, THEN
IT'S SURELY THE
DEVIL...

...THAT REIGNS
IN ARKHAM.

YOU
LOOK LIKE
HELL...

IT'S GOOD TO
SEE YOU. WELL, IT'S GOOD
TO SEE ANYONE WHOSE JOB
ISN'T TO CLEAN UP
AFTER ME.

OH, WAIT
A MINUTE--THAT
IS YOUR...WELL, IT
CAN'T BE A JOB,
BECAUSE NO ONE
PAYS YOU TO
DO IT.

IT'S MY
HOBBY.

GROWING NUTS?

IT'S A
LIVING.

BUT NOT
MUCH OF A LIFE. THAT IS,
IF WE ASSUME YOU DON'T
ENJOY IT.

WHAT IS IT
THEY SAY ABOUT
ASSUME?

THAT IT'S
MADE AN
ASS OUT
OF YOU...

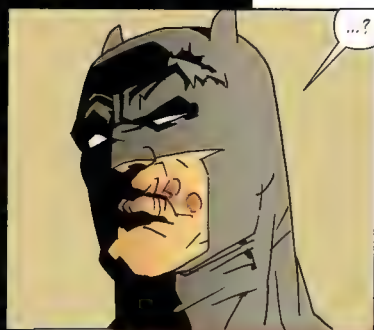
PERIOD.

AS FOR
ME...

I'M
ENJOYING
THIS. YOU'VE
MADE SOME **BIG**
MISTAKES THE
PAST FEW
DAYS.



...?



LITTLE
BIRDS.

MY
HOBBY.

SEE,
I'M YOUR
NUMBER
ONE
FAN.



YOU'RE
CRAZY.

I'M
FOCUSED.

I KNOW
EVERYTHING
YOU'RE GOING TO DO
BEFORE YOU DO IT.
BUT YOU'VE DONE
THINGS LATELY
THAT...

...**SURPRISED**
ME.



"AND I **LOVE**
SURPRISES,
ALMOST AS
MUCH AS I
LOVE YOU."





LOVE?
YOU DON'T LOVE
ME--

DENIAL
IS NOT JUST
THE RIVER YOU'RE
DROWNING IN, MY
DETECTIVE.



IT'S THE
BLOOD IN
YOUR VEINS,
ISN'T IT?



WELL, IT'S
CERTAINLY THE
SIDE OF THE BARN
RIGHT IN FRONT OF
YOUR MASK.



WHAT DO YOU
WANT!?

TEMPER,
TEMPER...LOSE
IT IN *HERE*,
THEY MAY NOT
LET YOU
LEAVE.



AND YOU IN HERE IS
DEFINITELY THE LAST
THING I WANT...

...RIGHT
NOW.



NO, RIGHT NOW, I'M TRYING TO DO MY **PART**-- EVEN THOUGH YOU **BADLY** HURT MY FEELINGS BY **IGNORING** ME WHEN YOU ENLISTED BOTH "THE **GOOD GUYS**" AND "THE **BAD GUYS**" IN YOUR MANHUNT.



I WANT TO HELP YOU FIND THE **KILLER**.

I GUESS YOUR LITTLE BIRDS DIDN'T TELL YOU THAT **ANGEL LUPO** IS **DEAD**.



SO WHAT? I SAID...



...THE **KILLER**.



WHAT DID YOU HAVE TO DO WITH IT?!!

HAHAHAHA



NOTHING. I SAW THE SAME
THING I *ALWAYS* SEE WHEN I
LOOK IN THE JOKER'S EYES...

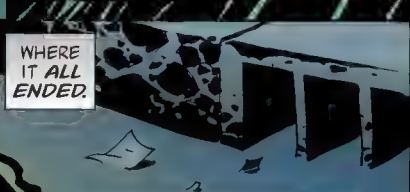
NOTHING.

AND NOTHING WAS
SOMETHING I...

...RECOGNIZED.



SOMETHING THAT
BROUGHT ME
BACK TO WHERE IT
ALL STARTED.



WHERE
IT *ALL*
ENDED.

THE RAIN HAD WASHED THE
BLOOD AND CHALK OFF THE
STREET, LIKE IT ALWAYS
DOES, LEAVING JUST AN
INDELIBLE MEMORY...

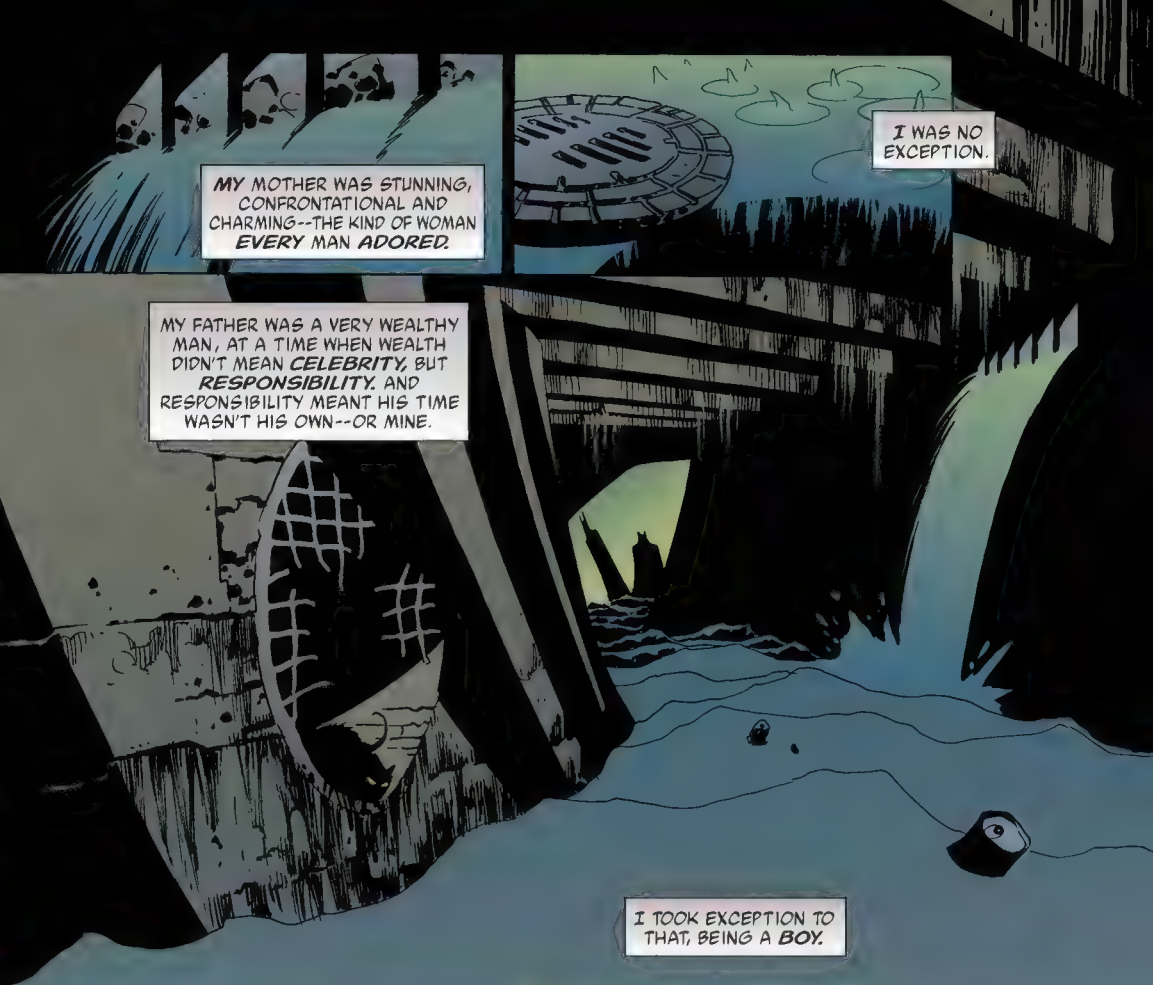


...OF A MAN AND
A WOMAN.

A MOTHER
AND A
FATHER...



...AND A BOY LEFT ALONE.




MY MOTHER WAS STUNNING,
CONFRONTATIONAL AND
CHARMING--THE KIND OF WOMAN
EVERY MAN ADORED.


I WAS NO
EXCEPTION.

MY FATHER WAS A VERY WEALTHY
MAN, AT A TIME WHEN WEALTH
DIDN'T MEAN *CELEBRITY*, BUT
RESPONSIBILITY. AND
RESPONSIBILITY MEANT HIS TIME
WASN'T HIS OWN--OR MINE.

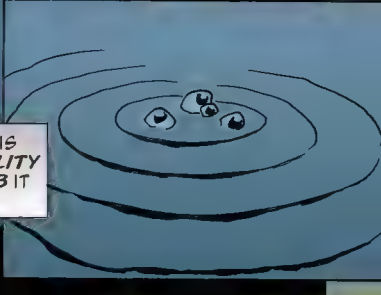
I TOOK EXCEPTION TO
THAT, BEING A *BOY*.



I WAS SO IN AWE
OF HIM I NEVER
DARED LET MY
FEELINGS BE
KNOWN, BUT HE
KNEW. WHEN HE
COULD SWINDLE A
MINUTE FOR ME,
HE *ALWAYS* DID.
WHEN HE COULD
STEAL A NIGHT...



...IT WAS
SPECIAL. WHEN
HE ASKED ME IF
I WANTED TO GO
TO THE MOVIES,
I WAS SO HAPPY
I DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT TO SAY.



AND WHEN HIS
RESPONSIBILITY
TRIED TO ROB IT
BACK...



BRUCE,
YOU'RE GOING
TO HAVE TO STOP
CARRYING ON,
BECAUSE THIS
JUST CAN'T BE
HELPED!

--BUT YOU
PROMISED...

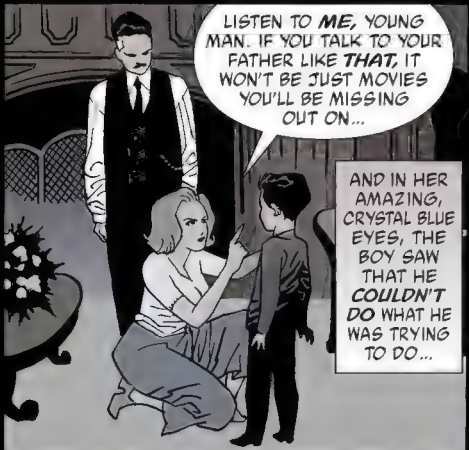


I KNOW, BUT WE
CAN'T GO TO THE
MOVIES TOMORROW
NIGHT. WE'LL GO
NEXT WEEK.

LIAR.



BRUCE...



LISTEN TO ME, YOUNG
MAN. IF YOU TALK TO YOUR
FATHER LIKE THAT, IT
WON'T BE JUST MOVIES
YOU'LL BE MISSING
OUT ON...

AND IN HER
AMAZING,
CRYSTAL BLUE
EYES, THE
BOY SAW
THAT HE
COULDN'T
DO WHAT HE
WAS TRYING
TO DO...



CONTROL THE
SITUATION.

FORCE
THINGS INTO
BEING THE
WAY HE
WANTED
THEM TO BE...

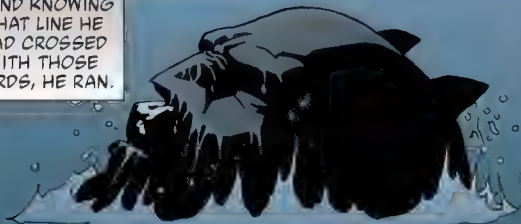


SO HE SCREAMED
AT HIS PARENTS.

SCREAMED
THREE WORDS.

THREE
WORDS.

...AND KNOWING
WHAT LINE HE
HAD CROSSED
WITH THOSE
WORDS, HE RAN.



HE RAN...



...AND THEY
FOLLOWED.

BRUCE?



JUST
LEAVE ME
ALONE!

HE WAS HURT,
COMING IN SECOND TO
RESPONSIBILITY,
AND HE WANTED TO
PUNISH THEM FOR IT.

THE NEXT DAY
HE DIDN'T SAY
ANY WORDS.
NOT EVEN WHEN...



HIS SILENT, TOUGH GUY
ROUTINE HAD **WORKED**.
HE GOT HIS WAY, BUT FELT
GUILTY FOR IT. BEING A
BOY, HE **BLAMED** HIS
PARENTS FOR THAT TOO.



SO HE KEPT HIS **MASK** ON TO SAVE **FACE**.
HE WANTED TO LET HIS MOTHER AND FATHER
OFF THE HOOK, BUT IT WAS HARD, AND HE
COULDN'T FIND THE **WORDS** TO DO IT ...



...SO HE WAS
LEFT--ALONE--

--WITH THE
LAST WORDS HE
SAID TO THEM.



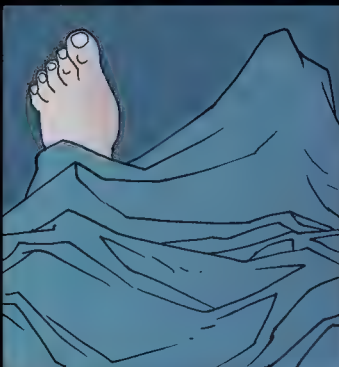
MAYBE HE'LL
SPEND HIS
LIFE TRYING
TO TAKE
THOSE WORDS
BACK...



...OR MAYBE HE
MEANT THEM.

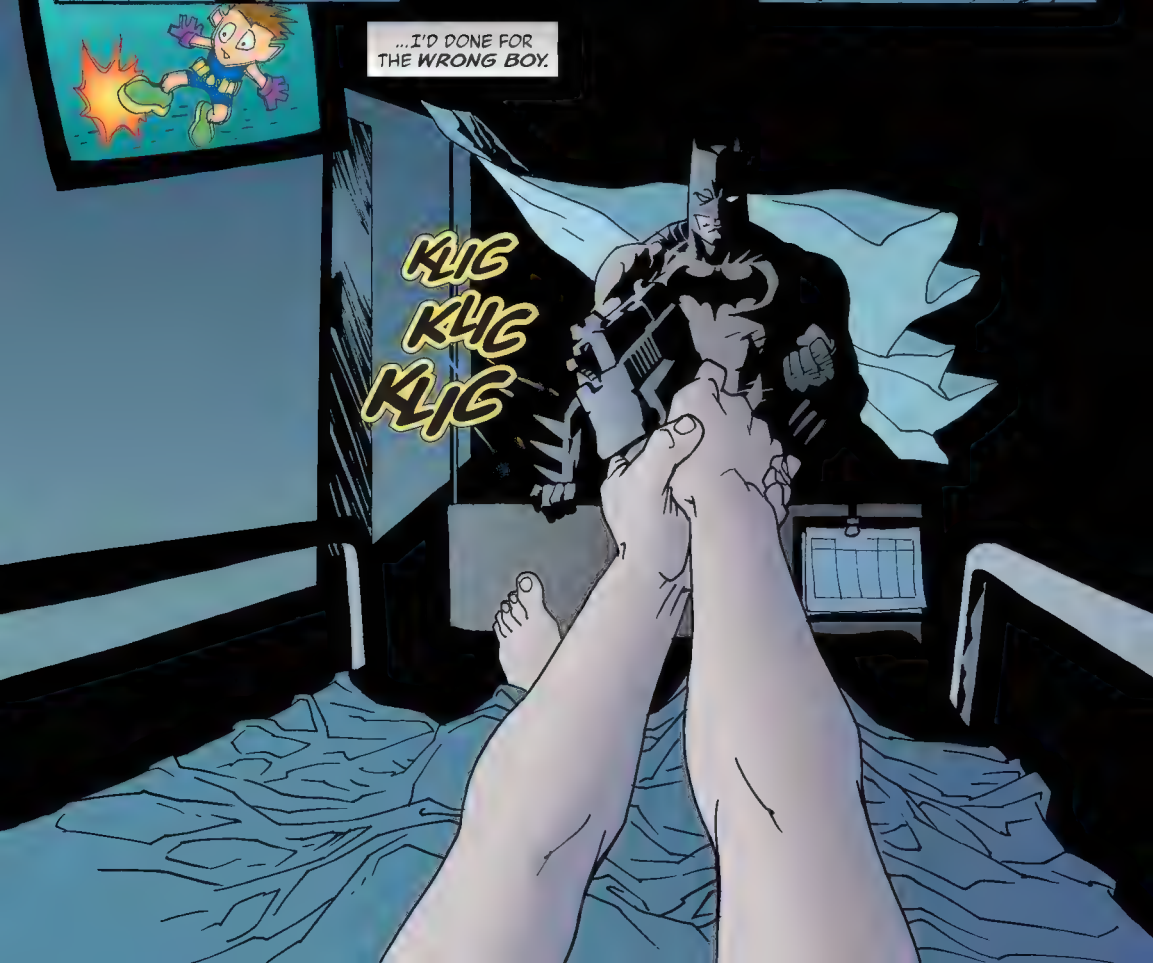


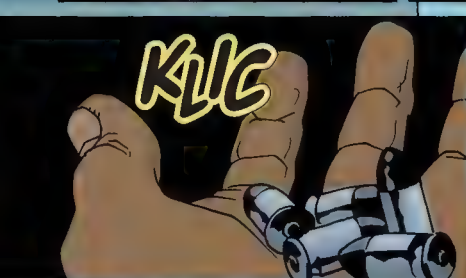
EVERYTHING
I'D DONE IN THE
PAST FEW DAYS...




...I'D DONE FOR
THE **WRONG** BOY.

**KLIC
KLIC
KLIC**







THE RAIN SEEMED
TO BE LETTING UP,
COMING DOWN IN
DRIBBLES AND
SHAKES--MEANING
GOD WAS DONE
WITH GOTHAM.

I APPRECIATED
THAT HIS TIMING
COULDN'T HAVE BEEN
WORSE FOR ME,
BUT I FELT LUCKY
TO FIND A BROKEN
GUTTER, SO I
COULD *HIDE* THE
STREAM RUNNING
DOWN MY FACE.

AND AS THE SUN, THAT HAD BEEN TOO AFRAID
TO SHOW ITS FACE IN THIS CITY, STARTED TO
TURN THE BLACK INTO GREY, I *SMILED*.

NOT OUT OF
HAPPINESS.
BUT BECAUSE
I *KNEW*...

...THAT ONE DAY, I
WOULDN'T HAVE TO
DO THIS ANYMORE.



ONE DAY, I
COULD STOP
FIGHTING,
BECAUSE
ONE DAY...



...I WOULD WIN.
ONE DAY, THERE
WILL BE NO PAIN,
NO LOSS...



... NO CRIME.

BECAUSE OF
ME, BECAUSE I
FIGHT. FOR YOU.



ONE DAY,
I WILL WIN.

I HOPE, FOR
YOUR SAKE,
THAT DAY IS
TOMORROW.



BROKEN CITY

CONCLUSION

Written by **BRIAN AZZARELLO**
Illustrated by **EDUARDO RISSO**

Colored by **Patrícia Mulvihill**
Lettered by **Clem Robins**
Cover by **Dave Johnson**
Assistant Editor **Casey Seijas**
Edited by **Will Dennis**
and **Bob Schreck**
Batman created by **Bob Kane**

BRIAN AZZARELLO

New York Times bestselling writer **Brian Azzarello** has been writing comics professionally since the mid-1990s. He is the author of the graphic novels *Batman: Damned*, *Joker*, *Luthor*, *Batman/Deathblow: After the Fire*, and *Before Watchmen: Rorschach*, all illustrated by artist Lee Bermejo, as well as the Harvey and Eisner award-winning series *100 Bullets* and the miniseries *Jonny Double* and *Batman: Broken City*, all drawn by Eduardo Risso. Azzarello's other work for DC includes the titles *Hellblazer* and *Loveless* (both with Marcelo Frusin), *Superman: For Tomorrow* (with Jim Lee), *Dark Knight III: The Master Race* (with Frank Miller and Andy Kubert), *Sgt. Rock: Between Hell and a Hard Place* (with Joe Kubert), *Filthy Rich* (with Victor Santos), and *Wonder Woman* (with Cliff Chiang). He also wrote the Richard Corben-illustrated graphic novels *Cage* and *Banner* for Marvel Comics. He hails from Chicago.

PATRICIA MULVIHILL

Patricia Mulvihill graduated from the School of Visual Arts in New York City as an illustration major and spent several years painting book jackets and working for the American Ballet Theatre. Her career detoured after she visited DC Comics, which was at the time located next to her apartment building. Her first and longest run as a colorist was on *Wonder Woman*, and through the years she has contributed to many titles, including *100 Bullets*, *Joker*, *Wednesday Comics*, and *100 Bullets: Brother Lono*.

CLEM ROBINS

Clem Robins studied painting and drawing at the Art Students League of New York. His first lettering work was for the now-defunct Gold Key comics line, followed by a lot of assignments for DC and Marvel beginning in 1977, followed by work for every other major comics publisher (and many minor ones). In recent years, he's been most associated with titles released by Vertigo, and with Dark Horse's *Hellboy* and *Hellboy*-related series, but it would be easier to list the comics he hasn't worked on than the ones he has. Recent projects include Neal Adams's *Deadman* and *Batman vs. Ra's al Ghul* miniseries for DC, *Hit-Girl*, and Image/Netflix's *Space Bandits* series. In addition to his lettering career, he taught life drawing and human anatomy at the Art Academy of Cincinnati for eight years. His book, *The Art of Figure Drawing*, was published in 2003 by North Light Books. His drawings and paintings are in collections all over the country, including the permanent collection of the Cincinnati Art Museum. He lives in Cincinnati with his very patient wife, Lisa, not far from the Eisele Gallery, where you can buy his paintings and drawings, if you're so inclined.

DAVE JOHNSON

Possibly the most inventive artist and designer in all of comics, **Dave Johnson** never fails to amaze. His boldly graphic, imaginative, and innovative work has graced many comics covers, including memorable runs on *100 Bullets*, *Batman*, *Unknown Soldier*, *Spaceman*, *BPRD*, *The Punisher*, and *Deadpool*.

BIOGRAPHIES

EDUARDO RISSO

A native of Leones, Argentina, **Eduardo Risso** began drawing professionally in 1981 with the magazine strips *Julio Cesar* and *El Angel*. In 1986 he began an association with writer Carlos Trillo that continues to this day—their collaborations include the titles *Fulù*, *Simon: An American Tale*, *J.C. Benedict*, *Chicanos*, and *Borderline*. After breaking into American comics in 1997, Risso first worked with writer Brian Azzarello on the 1998 Vertigo miniseries *JONNY DOUBLE*, which led directly to their partnership on *100 Bullets* as well as the DC graphic novel *Batman: Broken City*. Risso's work on *100 Bullets* has earned him three Eisner Awards, two Harvey Awards, and the Yellow Kid Award.

"One of those creative teams that editors dream about."

—**Newsarama**

From the Eisner and Harvey
award-winning team behind
100 Bullets

While following the trail of one murder, Batman finds himself caught up in two more—a mother and a father, gunned down in the street in front of their young son. The Dark Knight long ago hardened himself to Gotham's cruelties, but even he can't ignore the similarities between this new case and the crime that made him who he is...

From long time collaborators **Brian Azzarello** (*Batman: Damned*, *Dark Knight III: The Master Race*) and **Eduardo Risso** (*Flashpoint Batman: Knight of Vengeance*, *Dark Night: A True Batman Story*), *Batman: Broken City* brings the drama, tension, and noir sensibilities of *100 Bullets* into Gotham City. Collects *Batman* #620-625.

